Week ending February 14 1959

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EVERY WEDNESDAY 4½d

EX-SUPERINTENDENT FRED NARBOROUGH—one of the Big Five—tells the secrets of Scotland Yard

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THE ARUNDEL MURDER

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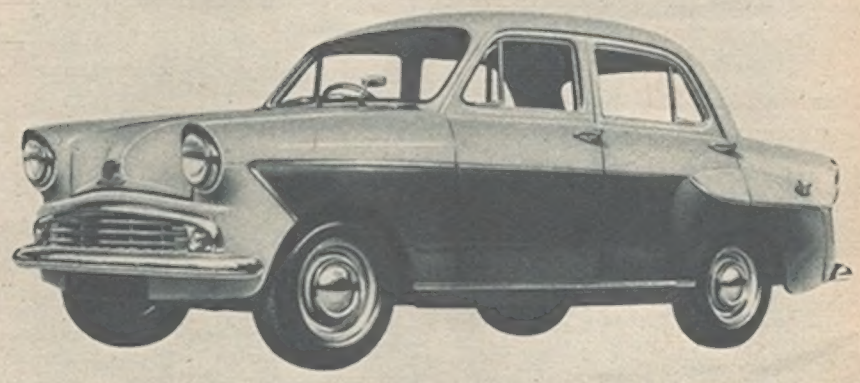

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Not the sort who gets his name in the papers, but a man who is important to the people who matter to him.

With his family around him, he's got everything he wants from life—plus that little bit more. A happy V.I.P.... the Standard completes the picture.

JOHN BULL
ILLUSTRATED
189 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1
CHANCERY 3344 FEB. 14, 1959
VOLUME 105 NUMBER 2746

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The Cover

THIS breadwinner will have to turn coal heaver before he gets his dinner tonight, so the sooner he starts gathering winter fuel the better. Artist Chittock has a theory about warm welcomes like this—it is *not* the best moment to remind a man of his responsibilities. But someone has to keep the home fires burning, and at six minutes to serving time cooks have other irons in the fire. The effort will seem well worthwhile when he's basking in the glow—of a cosy wife's grateful smile

Free Speech

JOHN BULL ILLUSTRATED pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to our Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post, and in our feature, "We Advise."

Justice On Tape

AFTER hearing about the use of a tape-recorder at an air crash inquest, I started thinking how out of date our more formal legal processes are.

I'm sure that if the police used tape-recorders to take statements our courts would not have to listen to so many allegations about the veracity of the policeman's notes.

Similarly, why shouldn't the findings of a lie detector be allowed in evidence, if only for guidance, as I believe is the position in America?

Resistance to progress may bring the whole of our legal system into disrepute.—JOHN TAYLOR, Bedford.

"The objection to tape-recordings is that they are open much more to allegations of manipulation and doctoring than written, signed statements," says an official of the Law Society.

"English jurists are watching the American experiments with lie-detectors very closely, but are not yet satisfied that they can replace the normal method of taking statements."

Racket Cure

With the number of secondhand cars sold rising each year, why doesn't the government adopt the policy which is in operation in Hongkong?

There, before a licence is transferred to another owner, the car must be given a certificate by a police expert.

He either passes it or stipulates what repairs must be carried out. Thus one knows what is wrong with a car before buying it.—I. SCOTT, Fairhill Place, Meikle Earnock, Hamilton, Lanarkshire.

Seeing In Fog

Driving in the fog my brother tried on a pair of dark glasses and was surprised to find that he could see telegraph poles, houses and kerb stones much better. Could this be a new method of making driving in the fog easier?—MISS I. SHARROCK, Daniels Lane, Upholland, nr. Wigan, Lancs.

"We've tried several experiments to discover if this is true," says the Road Research Laboratory.

"While a number of people got the distinct impression that they could see more in fog wearing dark glasses, it was impossible to produce any definite measurements because in fog the light is continually changing."

Class Warfare

After reading the letter about what children wanted in their school ("Free Speech," January 24) I asked my class, aged between eight and eleven, what improvements they would suggest for our small rural school. I was given the following suggestions:

A library, better heating, cloakrooms with hot running water, a spare room for modelling and experiments, a brighter colour scheme, a film show every month instead of every seven weeks, more history, geography, needlework and painting, and water provided at meal times.

Their comments on the suggestions of the Walsall children were not very complimentary.—W. J. DODD, Elsdon School, Newcastle upon Tyne.

In The Post

Our postman has a whistle and we can hear him coming five minutes before he arrives. Letters get one

toot and three or four blasts mean a parcel from home.

This way we never miss the morning delivery. — MRS. E. HALLAM, Auburn, New South Wales, Australia.

. . . The Australian Post Office recently issued a set of stamps for use on Christmas Island with the values expressed in dollars and cents. As Australia itself uses sterling, is there any reason for this?—E. SIMPSON, Selby, Yorks.

"'This Christmas Island, which isn't the one on which Britain tests her nuclear weapons, uses Malayan currency," says Australia House.

"It was recently put under Australian government—but stamps are still valued in Malayan dollars and cents."

Step Forward

I have great trouble with shoe menders and was agreeably surprised in Holland when I sent a pair of shoes to be repaired.

They were sent back to me the following day, beautifully repaired inside and out. Furthermore the shoes were highly polished. My Dutch friends told me this was not exceptional service.—E. T. COLLINSON, Old Basford, Nottingham.

Clippies Of Note

Recent letters have complained about the surliness of London bus conductors. I have just returned home after touring Britain and the Continent and can assure the groaners that the London conductors were the most helpful I met.—A. M. OSMAN, Beau Bassin, Mauritius.

Rainbow Diet

Colour seems to have a great influence on our eating habits. Once, making a madeira cake, I was rather heavy with the saffron. I was aghast at its bilious look, but my family gave hoots of joy. "Oh, Mum, a bought cake. Smashing!"

Since then we have had at least one bright yellow cake each week.—MRS. R. M. MEADOWS, Talley, Llandilo, Carmarthen.

Testing Towns

When my son was due to take his driving test all his friends told him to go to Winchester, where they said it was easier to pass.

It seems that at Southampton one has to take the test time after time. Is any record kept of the number of failures in different towns?—G. KEOGH, Millbrook, Southampton.

"It's nonsense to say that it's easier to pass the test in one town than in another," says the Ministry of Transport.

"We only keep statistics for large areas, such as Southern, Metropolitan, North-Western, etc. The percentage of failures—forty-five—is about the same for them all."

Lobby Rate

In future deputies in the French Parliament who do not attend and vote regularly will have their pay reduced.

If they miss half of the possible divisions their pay will be halved. It seems a good idea for us to copy. — C. LUBERTZ, Woodville Road, South Woodford, London, E.18.

Not Out, Senor

The umpiring of the present Test matches in Australia has led to controversy and ill feeling. Would

it not be wiser to appoint "neutral" umpires from other countries in matches of this importance?—T. RODGER, Dereham Road, New Costessey, Norwich.

"We have had no complaints from the touring party about the umpiring in Australia," says the M.C.C.

"We don't really think it would be practical to bring an umpire from a neutral country like India for the whole of a Test series."

Frozen Thames

I am told that it was at one time possible to skate every winter on the Thames. Why does the river no longer freeze over?—J. C. COOPER, Uppingham, Rutland.

"The Thames no longer freezes over for a variety of reasons," says a scientist.

"Dredging and modern bridges have speeded up the flow of the water, and also allowed a greater amount of salt water to come up the river with the tides.

"The ice used to be thick enough to carry the weight of a fair at London Bridge—but it's unlikely ever to freeze like that again."

Curiosity Count

The reader who resolved to answer every question his sons asked ("Free Speech," January 3) might be interested to know that one statistician followed a four-year-old around one day and counted 437 questions that the child asked.—MRS. H. J. GLYDE, Brook Avenue, Warsash, Southampton.

Biting Bangers

I wonder what material sausage manufacturers now use for making skins. In my young days there

Estamos orgullosos

WE ARE PROUD OF . . . .

. . . . proud of our beautiful country, of our quaint customs and ageless traditions, of our colourful past and vivid present. But ours is not a cold pride. You will find us warm-hearted, impulsive, with a natural flair for living. And we are eager that you should share our gaiety and laughter, should know and love our land of sunshine.

So spend your holidays in Spain this year. There are so many fascinating things to see—so much we'd like to show you. And we're only hours away!

This year . . . . next year . . . . sometime . . . . ever

SPAIN

The Spanish National Tourist Office, 70 Jermyn Street, London S.W.1. or your Travel Agent will tell you all about Spain.

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Free Speech

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were different kinds of skins, some tougher than others.

Now I find that all sausage skins are too tough to eat. — E. E. WILLIAMS, Bitton Avenue, Teignmouth, Devon.

"We are sorry that Mr. Williams finds modern sausage skins so tough," says a manufacturer, "but really they haven't changed much in the last thirty years.

"Ordinary bangers are still made with either hog or sheep gut skins, which, however, certainly can vary in strength according to how the animal was fed."

Stranger In Town

As a travelling salesman I visit at least a dozen towns every week and find the lack of street signs in most of them a constant irritation. Countless hours are wasted asking one's way. Councils would do a great service if they put street plans at main road entries to their towns. The cost would be small, but the benefit to visiting motorists would be enormous. — W. GORE, West Street, Newbury, Berks.

Fine Old Models?

I read of a pedestrian having to pay damages after an accident. An insurance company now says that pedestrians should cover themselves against liability in accidents.

Is this the thin edge of the wedge? Shall we soon be taxed, insured and have to display a Pavement Fund Licence?

And shall we older models be stopped and asked to undergo a test of road-worthiness?—DOUGLAS SMITH, Burley Lodge Terrace, Leeds, 6.

Hoots Mon!

Some English counties have been experimenting with comprehensive schools. A comprehensive system has been the theme in Scotland for a very long time.

The Scots decided early on to make the most of their children, a very important national asset. Who can deny that they have been successful?

England should stop throwing away so much potential every year in her schools. Then she will be on the way to victory in the B.B.C.'s *Top of the Form* contest.—J. H. STEWART, Port Glasgow, Renfrewshire.

. . . The question of raising the school-leaving age to sixteen should depend on the use of the extra year.

As a mother I find the year fourteen to fifteen one of marking time and suggest that at fourteen pupils should be allowed to choose some new subjects which will be helpful later on.

A girl may prefer to learn a foreign language instead of cookery or shorthand-typing instead of sewing. This would make the last year a preparation for a career and youngsters would be less likely to find themselves in the wrong jobs. —MRS. E. KAY, Coronation Drive, Widnes, Lancs.

Face to face with a jungle killer, Attilio Gatti sat as still as death . . . and survived to bring back an amazing story of daring and adventure. Dramatically illustrated, it appears as a complete book extract . . .

NEXT WEEK

Whither Buttons?

Why are shirt buttonholes vertical and those on suits horizontal? My tailor doesn't know.—A. THORPE, Manchester, 22.

"The reason is that the pull on a shirt is mostly down and that on a jacket or suit from the sides," says John Taylor, editor of "Tailor and Cutter."

"The direction of the buttonhole is designed to keep the button from popping out."

Fatal Rockets

Your Norfolk reader G. Williams ("Free Speech," January 24) seems to be under some misapprehension regarding the American contribution to our defence.

The rocket bases that are being built in this country by America are not for Britain's defence. Indeed, it is generally understood that in a nuclear war it would be impossible to attempt to defend the whole of this country.

These bases are to be a form of irritant to divert Russia's attention while America drops H-bombs on her.

The obvious thing for Russia to do is obliterate these bases with a few well-placed H-bombs. If that is the sort of defence Mr. Williams likes that is his affair, but the sooner these suicidal bases are off British soil, the better for all of us.—MISS DOREEN SMITH, Dighton Road, London, S.W.18.

The Gaudy Circle

The letter about an upside-down rainbow ("Free Speech," January 3) is very interesting.

Flying above cloud in a clear sky I have often seen a completely circular rainbow below me. — M. M. KANE (Wing Commander), Pont Street, London, S.W.1.

"All rainbows are round," says a scientist. "Standing on the earth one is only able to see a part of the circle."

Lost Treasure

Moving a settee recently my husband and I heard a rattle. Our curiosity was aroused and inside we found the following articles:

Pair of motor-cycle goggles, reel of silk, tin of powder, serviette ring, two combs, ten-inch length of wood dowelling, a magazine cover, part of a story book, pair of scissors, purse, balloon, rattle, six spoons, nail scissors, sixteen pegs, doll's shoe, two nappy pins, five pencils, twenty-two beads, one buckle, nine buttons, one curtain ring and 8½d.—MRS. M. A. PROFFITT, Osborne Street, Swindon, Wilts.

LIONEL DAVIDSON makes a personal call on

The young man with a flying start

DE VERE GARDENS, Kensington, is a broad, pleasant avenue not far from the Peter Pan statue and the Round Pond. It is a residential thoroughfare of the utmost refinement. Handsome cars stand nose to tail on either side. Sedate nannies with their Christopher Robin-ish charges troop up and down. The very best accents are two a penny.

Almost any morning at half past nine a young man steps out of one of the houses and makes for his old, but good, saloon car. This is Mr. Christopher Chataway, once not only one of the fastest young men on earth but a gay young undergraduate and an all-night reveller to boot. Mr. Chataway is no longer any of these things. At twenty-eight his tearaway past is behind him. He is engaged to be married. He is settling down.

By way of the running track and the television camera, he is shaping towards a political career. Already a county councillor (for Lewisham North, where accents tend to be homelier than in De Vere Gardens), he aspires to be a real friend of the people, at Westminster. There are signs that his efforts will not go unrewarded.

I called on Mr. Chataway one day recently, knocking, as directed, on the massive oak door of his narrow, elegant, three-storied house. He bought the house a year ago. Before that he lived in a bachelor flat in the City. Now his mother lives with him, taking calls and closely superintending, with the help of a four days a week daily and a part-time secretary, the welfare of her ambitious son.

The front door opened immediately into a sitting-room. The room was dark with small-paned cottage windows, but pleasantly furnished and enlivened with flowered fabric.

Glinting in the middle of it was Mr. Chataway.

Chataway's general colour is copper. His hair is copper; his face is copper. The hairs on his hands and at his well-groomed wrists are copper. When he bends his head to think (which he does often, slowly blinking his sandy eyelashes) there is an alarming rush of even deeper copper to his face. This is something to do with his blood, which, as he later explained, had enabled him to become a champion runner.

Chataway is used to finding fortuitous reasons for his various triumphs, a habit of mind that seems to spring not so much from modesty as from a deep-rooted insecurity. Things have been happening to him at some speed since the day eleven years ago when he found, at his public school, that he

Chris Chataway with the girl he is to marry—TV producer Anna Lett. "She will organize me," he says

JOHN BULL COLOUR PHOTOGRAPH BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

The young man with a flying start

continued from previous page

could run faster than other boys. He has not yet quite caught up.

I asked him why he wanted to go into politics.

He grinned. "Why not? It's one way of getting things done. I've always been interested in politics. I was a member of the Conservative Club at Oxford, you know."

I said: "A political weekly recently alleged that you were 'deliberately using the modern instrument of television to achieve a political career.' Did you choose television for this purpose?"

Chataway hung his legs over the arm of his easy chair and cackled. "Choose it? When I came down from Oxford I had to look round for a job like mad. I wanted to be a parliamentary journalist, but there were various difficulties. I more or less had to go into business. There wasn't much choosing. I tried oil companies, all kinds of companies, and finally landed a job with Guinness's, the brewers."

"But you went into television as soon as opportunity occurred?"

"Yes, I did. I had a hankering after current affairs. Commercial television had just been announced, and I tried quite a number of the contracting companies. But they wouldn't offer me—you know, quite *naturally*—anything except sport. I didn't want that. It wasn't a matter of just looking for something that would get me going on a political career. I just didn't want to comment on sport for a living.

"I've always looked on my athletic prowess as a freakish thing. When I.T.N., the commercial television news company, offered me a job as a newscaster, I jumped at it."

"What are your views on people who seek to use their television glamour for political purposes?"

Wife will help

Chataway seemed to consider this a loaded question. He took his time over it, lighting a cigarette and grinning. "Well, I can't see anything specially *vicious* in it, you know," he said. "It cuts both ways. You can dislike a person through seeing him on TV just as much as you can like him."

"Isn't there an obvious advantage in having your face widely known?"

"Of course there is. Ludovic Kennedy found that when he stood as a Liberal candidate. But he's an able chap of personable character with a more than personable wife. I expect these things counted as much as anything else."

"Do you think your own very personable future wife will be a help to *you*?"

Chataway laughed. "Oh, I'm sure she will. She's a producer—Anna Lett of Associated Television."

"Did you meet her while you were working for commercial television?"

"Yes. She wandered into the newsroom of I.T.N. one day and later I worked on a programme of hers."

"Did you like your job on I.T.N.?"

"Tremendously."

"You didn't stay there very long."

"Nine months. Then the B.B.C. offered me a job covering current affairs and a two-year contract—I didn't have one at all at I.T.N.—and I accepted. I thought it would give me broader opportunities."

"And did it?"

"Very much so. My two years was up with the B.B.C. in May and they renewed my contract on better terms. I've got the greatest respect for I.T.N. but the trouble is they're not given much scope by the bosses. They don't get much time outside the news bulletins. The understanding when the thing started was that I.T.N. would run programmes like *Panorama*, but that hasn't turned out. Still, there's not much room for congratulation anywhere. The Americans are doing very much better work.

"There was that marvellous thing that Ed Murrow did with Truman. He spent three days with him and got twelve hours on film. It cut down to two hours and forty minutes of first-class stuff. That's what I would like to do—the extended interview, half an hour at the least. You rarely have an interview with a public figure in this country that doesn't have him merely answering a string of questions about his public attitudes. I've put the idea up to the B.B.C. several times. I think Francis Williams's interview with Attlee was the first fruit."

Chataway was talking eagerly, legs over the chair, tugging at his luxuriant locks. He looked extraordinarily young and well-scrubbed and ready to run three miles at the crack of a starter's gun.

I said: "Is your running over for good now?"

"Oh, for good. It doesn't last. It doesn't last."

"But you're still a pretty fast runner?"

"Not at all. I doubt if I could even put up a decent club time now. You've got to keep in peak condition or it just goes. I had a race a little while ago, as a matter of fact. I was covering a story for *Panorama* up in the Durham coalfields, and there was an old miner, a splendid old chap, following me around. He kept saying, 'Give you yards for years, Chris, and I'll beat you.'

"Eventually I said all right, and when we'd finished filming I had a race out in the colliery yard for a half-crown wager. He was thirty-six years older than me, so I gave him thirty-six yards start over a hundred yards. He won easily, by about fifteen yards. He was pleased as Punch. It wasn't altogether in fun, you know. I was really trying."

I wondered if he was aware of himself as an ex-world champion runner, and asked: "Do you ever feel the urge to run again?"

Chataway pondered. "Just every now and again perhaps. I might be crossing the park and I get a feeling—like a sudden desire for a cigarette, a sort of urge to extend myself in a violent burst of physical action. It doesn't happen very often, not more than three or four times a year. I never was a very athletic person, you know. My running was a freakish thing."

"Are you making satisfactory progress with your other ambitions?"

Chataway grinned ruefully. "I don't know. I write such lousy articles. I make such lousy speeches. Still, I'm not sure I expected to do much better yet."

"Do you have the basic view that you can always do a bit better if you try?"

"Well, yes," Chataway said, tugging his hair with interest. "If athletics does anything for you it does inculcate that kind of belief. It's a field of activity in which the amount of effort you put into it is almost directly related to what comes out. You get the feeling that perhaps this relationship exists in the rest of life."

I said. "Some people have described you as one of nature's second-stringers. You are second string to Richard Dimbleby in *Panorama*. You were second string to Bannister when he ran his four-minute mile. Do you think of yourself in this way?"

"No, I don't," Chataway said sharply. "On *Panorama* my function is quite different from Richard's. I'm not a second-string in that sense at all. As to running, certainly I paced Bannister. But he did the same for me later on. It's true that I often came second. But to dominate your field of sport over a long period of time you've got to be very good.

"The kind of individuality that puts a man in a class by himself is very rare. It needs a degree of nonconformity and loneliness—you know, otherness—that I don't possess. I don't like to shut myself away. I'm happier in the company of other people. I'm a gregarious animal.

"But because I haven't always scaled the heights it doesn't make me a 'second-stringer.' One goes on trying to do better."

"What other things do you mean to do better at?"

"Oh, I don't know. I get depressed sometimes. I feel I'm juggling too many balls, doing too many things at once and making a hash of everything. I do a bit of freelance work outside the B.B.C. I'm on the L.C.C. Then there's constituency work at Lewisham. And I'm in a thing called the Bow Group—it's a research outfit for the Conservative Party. I seem to be running about all the time. It's so difficult to get organized. I sometimes wish I was doing just one thing, but doing it really well.

"And then television is such a chancy business. I mean it's so young. This reporting stuff—I often wonder whether I'm any good at it really. So few people have tackled it. I know half a dozen people—you know, friends of mine, brokers, journalists, barristers—who could do it much better than I, if they wanted to. Of course, I was very lucky. I got in on the ground floor and, to that extent, have a head start."

Chataway had been gloomily examining his thumbs while exhibiting this darker side of his soul, and now looked up wryly. "One of the disadvantages of being lucky at a sport is that you've always got this hurdle to overcome—that you're there simply because you were once fairly good at running. Very distracting."

This somewhat melancholy introspection was broken up by the brisk arrival of a secretary with letters to sign. Chataway uncoiled from his chair and signed them.

"Is there an office here?" I asked.

"Yes, upstairs. I've got the first floor of the house, with separate access. It's a useful arrangement. I find I really need secretarial help. I'm away quite a bit and I've got to write about forty letters a week, mainly political, but a few about television programmes, and other replies to invitations to open things—you know, functions, shops and so forth."

"Are you paid to open shops?"

"I've never accepted. It's such a spurious business. It's hard to explain why without sounding particularly priggish, but all one's actually selling in my line of business is a degree of impartiality. If you start advertising and opening shops for money, you don't have much of that left."

I said: "How about taking an active part in party politics? Doesn't that constitute partiality?"

Chataway's coppery hue deepened half a tone. His sandy eyes blinked. He grinned slowly. "Yes. Yes. Checkmate. I'm afraid. Still, there *is* a difference, isn't there? Perhaps 'integrity' would have been a better word."

Not just angry

"About politics, which shade of Toryism do you profess?"

"Oh, fairly ordinary, you know."

"You're not an Angry Young Man?"

"Not *terribly* angry."

"Hasn't a young Tory anything to be angry about?"

"Oh, plenty. Plenty. But these young 'angries' mooching about in coffee bars—they merely take the view that everything is wicked or phoney or silly. It's just aimless moaning. There's no real reformist zeal there. Anger is only useful if it's properly directed."

"Where is yours directed?"

"Oh, against archaic conformism. Against the big Welfare State ideas of our time. All this free medicine. Too many people who don't need it taking money out of the till. People who can't afford medicine should be given it—sure. But everyone else should pay. If that involves a means test, what of it? Don't let's be frightened by words like means test. We're taxed according to our means, aren't we? There are too many shibboleths tied up with these emotional phrases."

I said: "This preoccupation with the till and with people getting their medicine on the cheap might strike some as merely cantankerous and reactionary. Does it seem to you a cause worthy of all this noble anger?"

"Yes. It does. Why not?" said Chataway, a little irritably. "Money's important. Oh, there's more to it than that. I'm for individuality, for self-respect, for people living as they can afford to live. I'm for a system that gives as much scope to the individual as possible. I'm all against a fixed State pension that makes everyone contribute

continued on page 24

Bonnet to bumper, inching through the fog,
Eyes strain to lift the murky curtain hung
Drearily over headlights. Hug the gutter
Closely and see its edge a lifeline flung

Waveringly into nothing. Speed may be
A consequence of life and death, but all
Human endeavour cannot break this chain
Of endless cars that grind and hoot and crawl

Helpless as bats in daylight. Coldness seeps
Through tight-closed windows, till from head to toe
Shivering has turned to numbness; there are only
Shadows before, behind, shadows that go

With and against. Somewhere the moon is clear
Upon the frost embroidery of the grass,
But here, bonnet to bumper through the fog,
We nose along, while the blind hours pass.

B. R. GIBBS

Bo Belles

Art students began it. Debs adore it. Office girls are going crazy about it. And it's still spreading. Why? Because . . .

"We like to feel different from ordinary girls," says Judy Barker, the girl on the left. She is eighteen, works as a shorthand-typist and lives in Tooting, London. "Most girls are all the same—they like being undistinguished. We like to be looked at.

"Girls who dress like this are called Bo's—short for Bohemians. We usually wear a man's black sweater, black woollen stockings and a tight striped skirt or a balloon dress. I made my balloon for nine shillings. And we wear coloured fancy garters and beads.

"We became Bo's when we got friendly with some boys at the art schools, where this fashion began. They've left art school now and most of them are pseudo-Bo's—just in their spare time. I'm not pseudo. I go Bo-style to work. My boss said he didn't mind.

"I wouldn't go out with a non-Bo boy. Male Bo's are very intelligent—they can talk about anything. Full male Bo dress is broadly striped shirt, rounded stiff collar, pin-stripe tight trousers, spats, very pointed boots and a duffle coat.

"My father objects to my black woollen stockings, so to avoid trouble I leave the house bare-legged and put on my stockings in an alley. In Chelsea and the West End people don't stare much, but sometimes ordinary girls make pointed remarks. We just ignore them. Boys never make rude remarks. They like us to dress this way."

"My boy friend," says Pat Flin, the girl on the right, "tells me he appreciates a girl having the courage to dress like this. He says that lots of other girls would like to, but don't dare."

Pat Flin is nineteen, works as a secretary in South London and lives in Clapham.

"I made my own balloon dress," she says. "I bought a shortie nightie in Chelsea for £2 and blacked the coloured buttons and tightened the elastic at the bottom. Some Bo's wear waist-length maternity smocks.

"I wear high-heeled T-strap shoes—the more pointed the toes the keener you are. If you're known as keen you're really getting somewhere as a Bo. Judy and I are pretty keen, I think.

"We go for camping holidays to arty places like St. Ives. We don't go to church and we never discuss the H-bomb or politics. We live for today. And we're proud of being Bo's. Besides, the outfit is practical. The balloon dresses are fine for jiving, the woollen stockings are warm and cheap, and we don't have to spend money on make-up, apart from eye-shadow. We just let our hair grow."

"Once you dress as a Bo and get used to looking different," says Judy, "it's no fun going back to ordinary clothes. Nobody looks at you.

"I think the old days are coming back—the 1920s, I mean. Recently Alan, my boy friend, bought me a picture of a girl like myself—1920 vintage. She's wearing a loose blouse with very baggy sleeves. I'm going to make myself a blouse like that. Then I'll be really keen."

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

Ours is a moving story—eleven homes in eleven years. But I'm still glad that . . .

I married a rolling stone

David and Susan Cummings help their parents unpack. "Flowers and a cake," says Enid Cummings, "soon turn a new house into a home"

by ENID CUMMINGS

THE evening meal had been ready for three hours and George, my husband, was still not home. I was not unduly perturbed. Civil engineering is not like working in a city office. Decisions must be made as they come up. They cannot be filed in a tray marked "pending."

It was almost midnight when George finally walked into the sitting-room of our home at Crieff, mud from the site still on his boots and a "guess what" expression on his face.

"Don't let on to anyone——"

When George warns me not to "let on" it is usually the prelude to another move. My mind started reaching for suitcases and calculating how many tea-chests we should need.

"Where are we off to this time?"

George grinned. "Oh, we're not moving. But there's every chance we'll set a new world tunnelling record."

Mentally, I put the suitcases back in the cupboard and stopped worrying. We were not hitting the trail yet.

The roving wife of a rolling-stone civil engineer is always living on top of the next move. In eleven years of marriage we have moved house the same number of times. We have survived lost suitcases, smashed wine glasses, rat-nibbled bed linen, a wardrobe too big to go up the stairs of a fresh house, and a ruined refrigerator.

Our three children were all born in different towns. We have lived in hotels, a curious assortment of furnished rooms, a farmhouse, a flat with a sitting-room the size of a dance hall, a cottage where we pumped our own water, cooked by Calor gas and read by lamplight, and our present house, which boasts a turret and its own weathercock.

I defy anyone to get through moving day without accident or incident. Something is always lost, left behind or broken in transit. By the time we moved from Bedford to our present home at Crieff, I thought I was well versed in the art of moving house.

Plan went wrong

Everything was labelled and docketed, and as we arrived at Crieff I rushed madly round sticking little slips on all the doors, so that the removal men would know what went where.

This time, I thought, nothing could possibly go wrong. I was sadly mistaken. The refrigerator, as the removal men manhandled it, sounded as though it was filled with scrap iron.

George looked at me.

"You forgot to bolt the motor down," he said accusingly.

Forgot? It was the first I had heard about it.

Another time when we moved, the tank containing our pet goldfish cracked while being loaded. With water gushing from it in a steady stream, the problem was what to do with the fish.

We solved the dilemma by filling a bucket with water and popping the goldfish in that. I made the trip to our new home with the bucket wedged uncomfortably between my knees in the front of the car—and water slopping over me every time George braked.

There have been times when it has seemed as though life was merely one long move, with just time to put our feet up in between. Once, I didn't even have time to put my feet up.

We had been married only three weeks. Most of that time I had spent cleaning, painting and distempering the furnished rooms which were our first home. Mother had sent on the wedding presents, carefully packed in a collection of tea-chests.

I was down on my hands and knees, unpacking the last of the tea-chests, when George came in. "You can start packing again," he said.

At first I thought he was joking. When I realized he wasn't, I dashed out to salvage the discarded tea-chests. I have kept them by me ever since.

As the tea-chests filled with wedding gifts grew, gradually, into a houseful of furniture and as the children came along, so have our removal problems increased.

Susan, our eldest child, was still only a toddler when we moved into furnished rooms at Louth, where George was to supervise the erection of a grain silo. She was playing with her doll as I started the lengthy task of transferring our belongings from suitcases and boxes to drawers and cupboards.

When I next looked at her, she had forsaken the doll in favour of a tin of boot blacking. She had succeeded in removing the lid and was converting herself into a miniature minstrel.

It would never do for our new landlady to see her like that. I picked her up, smuggled her to the bathroom, and set to work with soap and water. Finally I had her clean again—only to discover that most of the boot polish had transferred itself to the bath.

This was even worse. With visions of moving out again the same week if the landlady chanced to arrive on the scene, I scrubbed and rubbed for what seemed like ages before the bath was restored to its original virginal whiteness.

These days I have learned my lesson. I get friends or relatives to take charge of the children on the day of the move.

The big problem of being married to a rolling stone is that each fresh move usually comes when you are least expecting it. One day you are making new curtains for one of the bedrooms. The next you are lamenting the fact that they probably won't fit a single window in the new house.

At Bedford, for example, we decided to have the sitting-room redecorated while I was in the nursing home having David, our youngest. We had a new all-night fire installed and bought a new carpet. We also decided that it was high time we had a proper holiday and booked a furnished house in Cornwall.

It was tempting providence, of course.

I had been home from the nursing home less than two weeks when George walked in with news of another move.

We sighed over the money spent on new wallpaper and the all-night fire, prayed that the carpet would fit one of the rooms in our next home, wrote cancelling the holiday in Cornwall, and telephoned the vicar to see if David's christening could possibly be squeezed in before George left for Scotland.

Sometimes George's work takes us to isolated parts of the country where there is very little choice in the way of accommodation. In Anglesey, for instance, we found ourselves leading the simple life in a quaint old cottage where we read by oil-lamp, cooked with Calor gas and pumped water by hand.

The water supply invariably ran dry midway through the weekly wash. The Calor gas supply ran out only once. Of course, it had to be when we were entertaining guests. We ended up playing boy scouts round the living-room fire, taking it in turns to hold the chicken over the flames.

But the oil lamps were the biggest bugbear. Try as I would, I could never get the lamp glass properly dry after washing it. I would dry it with infinite care, light the lamp ever so low and then stand "well clear," as they say on fireworks. The inevitable crack followed. Then I would don my hat, coat and walking shoes for the three-mile tramp to the village to buy another.

Then it's a home

Nowadays, I have developed something of a system to enable us to move into a new house as quickly and comfortably as possible. A day or two before the move I bake a big fruit cake. I pack it in a specially marked box along with cups, saucers, plates, a kettle, teapot, a tablecloth and essential groceries. And I always stop on the way to buy a few flowers.

With flowers, a fire, a fruit cake and a cup of tea, a house soon becomes a home.

I label each item of furniture with the name of the room into which it is to go. This is a big help to the removal men. Unfortunately, I usually start changing my mind as soon as the removal van is out of sight. I can still hear George's groans as I looked at the piano the removal men had humped all the way down to the big basement of our house at Crieff and announced that, on second thoughts, it would probably look better in the upstairs sitting-room.

Our stay at Crieff, where George has been supervising the construction of three hydro-electric plants and an atomic power station for the Mitchell Construction Company, Ltd., is the longest we have spent in any one place. Almost any day now I expect him to walk in with the inevitable "don't let on——"

It is unlikely to be another world tunnelling record next time. Instead, it will herald a fresh session of house-hunting and house-selling, another orgy of cleaning, scrubbing, painting and curtain-making, another spate of packing and unpacking.

Once more we shall be bidding farewell to old friends and setting out to meet the slightly suspicious glances of new neighbours. Inevitably, something will get lost, broken or left behind. Once again I shall be up to my neck in work, worry, upset and disturbance.

Yet, strangely, I am looking forward to it. After eleven years of marriage to a rolling stone, I get curiously restless if we stay too long in any one place, and find myself silently sighing for fresh woods and pastures new. THE END

Can we destroy the Grivas legend?

by DENIS PITTS

We see him as a cold-blooded killer. To many Greek Cypriots he's a mythical hero with the power of a god. Peace may depend on proving them wrong

FOUR British soldiers were carrying out a jeep patrol in eastern Cyprus when they strayed accidentally into a Greek-Cypriot wedding celebration in the village of Lysl. At once the dancing and wine-drinking ceased, the music was silent. Laughing wedding guests became a mob of tense villagers, sobered by the sight of khaki and sten guns. It needed only one incautious move by either side for bloodshed to begin.

Suddenly, a middle-aged man walked out from the crowd, smiling. "Welcome to our village," he said. "Please join us in a drink of wine. As the bride's father, it is my duty to welcome you."

The tension relaxed. Wine was brought and the bride and groom were pushed forward to be toasted. Hands were shaken all round, and the jeep bounced out of the village in a cloud of dust.

The "bride's father" was George Theodorus Grivas, alias "Dighenis," the elusive head of the EOKA terrorist organization, and the most desperately hunted man in the British Commonwealth. The bridegroom was Gregory Afxentiou, EOKA's second-in-command, who was later to die in a day-long siege by security forces.

Grivas's audacity on this occasion was genuine, in contrast to the many myths which have built up a legend around him. To the Greek Cypriots he ranks with Heracles and Lysander. Many of them believe that when Governor Sir Hugh Foot arrived in Cyprus, Grivas was the first man to sign the visitors' book at Government House. Grivas encourages such stories.

His elusiveness has caused him to be likened to a modern Pimpernel, and the tales spread by his supporters harp constantly on this theme. They tell how Field Marshal Sir John Harding walked with his escort into a coffee house in the Troödos mountains during a search there. At once the villagers turned their backs on the "iron man" and walked out, leaving only the village idiot in a corner.

Sir John, they say, walked over to the idiot and shook his hand. "English very good," said the idiot. "EOKA very bad. You good man." The idiot, they claim, was George Grivas.

A furious temper

The story is not true, yet the legend grows. Grivas, the Greek Cypriots say, often walks around disguised as a policeman, attends cocktail parties at Government House, has a suite at the Ledra Palace Hotel, walks freely through customs and immigration at Nicosia airport and is a highly successful business man. Many peasants believe all this.

To the British soldiers, however, Grivas is a ruthless, slippery and clever terrorist, whose dictionary begins with Assassination and ends before Mercy.

The facts are that he is a small, wiry man with ulcers and suspected heart trouble, an irritable disposition and a furious temper. His wife lives in retreat in Athens and they have no children.

He was born, the son of a grocer, sixty years ago in the village of Trikomo in eastern Cyprus. Villagers there say that he was carrying a Greek flag and shouting union-with-Greece slogans almost as soon as he could toddle. He was tough. He led a gang of village boys, often coming home cut and bruised after playing at soldiers. He was described as a "very satisfactory" schoolboy at the pan-Cyprian gymnasium in Nicosia, where he made a reputation as an athlete by winning both the hundred yards and four-hundred yards races.

The young Grivas was also good at mathematics and he devoured histories of the Greek war of independence. He became a rabid Anglophobe. When the other boys began to mature and look forward to work and marriage, he kept on carrying the flag. His elders had told him about the glorious fatherland of Greece and about the splendours of Athens. At eighteen he sailed to Greece imbued with nationalist fervour.

"At that time Grivas was furious with the British because an English official had once tanned his backside," says a villager in Trikomo. "It wasn't the slogan he shouted that angered the official. It was because Grivas had spat at him and messed up his uniform."

Grivas joined the Greek Army. In 1928 he renounced his British nationality and took a commission. As an officer he was highly praised for his organizing abilities.

Meanwhile his character had developed. Always acutely religious, he began to worry about the menace of Communism. Greece, like all the Balkan countries, with its poverty and hopeless economy, produced among its intelligentsia either ardent Communists or near-Fascists. There was little room for the moderate. Grivas took the right-wing course. When the Germans invaded Greece he remained in Athens.

With a notorious group of officers he spent a great deal of time lounging in the Acropole Bar, a favourite haunt of German officers. "There must be many Communists fewer in Greece as the result of conversations in that bar," a leading Greek left-wing politician says.

After the war Grivas became the leader of his own private army. It was known as the "KHI" or "X" group and its object was to restore the monarchy and keep down Communism. In 1946, when the Communists staged their vicious, but abortive uprising, Grivas led his royalists alongside British troops. His treatment of prisoners was unutterably brutal. Hundreds of left-wingers were executed.

Political failure

In Britain M.P.s were concerned. Soldiers had told of their disgust and horror at the sight of rebels' heads swinging from "X" organization ponies.

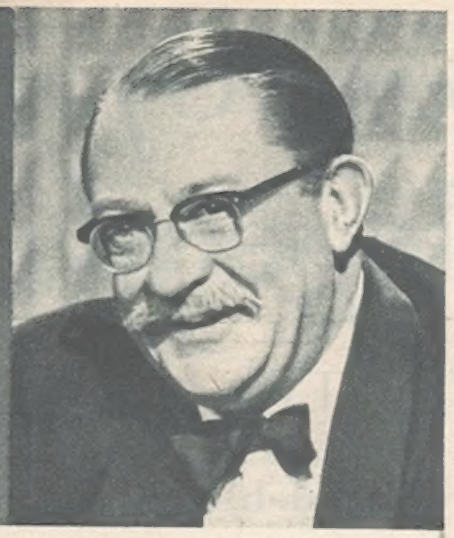
Grivas, dislodged from his post and discredited by the army, became an extreme rightist politician, still dedicated to the cause of the monarchy and the Church. As a politician he was a failure.

He was a rebel with a cause that interested few people. Unemployed and living on a small pension which was almost useless in those days of Greece's postwar inflation, he drifted from bar to bar.

"Grivas? He was a great bore," says the barman at the Grande Bretagne Hotel. "I can't understand how he stays free in Cyprus. Any junior

Grivas (third right) is bold and elusive. But his reputation as a Pimpernel relies largely on rumour

Gilbert Harding says...



I'm all for having fun with music

MUSIC sometimes moves me profoundly. I have never concealed the fact; I am quite unable to do so. An old tune heard again can make me cry, and when I am in black depression, music can raise my spirits to the heights of glory.

Some music can even make me laugh; the music of Gerard Hoffnung does. Hoffnung is the young man of thirty-three, with a hacking laugh and the crackling voice of a grey-beard, whom you have probably heard on radio or seen on television. He is the witty moving spirit in those explosions of musical exuberance, those concerts of comic and curious music, that erupt from time to time at the Festival Hall.

He and his merry men and maidens were at it again last week.

Hoffnung has reminded me of one occasion, more than ten years ago, when he tried valiantly to cheer me up. According to him, he and I were at a party and I was miserable. It seems that I agreed to go upstairs and lie down on a bed, like some sad Saul, while young Hoffnung played for me on his tuba a lively passage from Berlioz's *The Trojans*.

Alas, my gloom only increased.

Since then, Hoffnung has made me, and millions more, laugh at his books of funny drawings, and at these remarkable zany concerts he organizes.

Others, of course, have seen the humour latent in the making of solemn music. Jimmy Edwards knows the bathos there is in brass; Hermione Gingold, bandy and beaded, once made glorious fun of women 'cello players.

My uncle, Cuthbert Walter Harding, who plays the noble contra-bassoon, found himself, you may remember, among the Goons. Years before, when he was a Royal Marine bandsman on the Royal yacht, he had amused both King Edward VII and King George V.

Oh, those tonsils!

I amuse myself, sometimes, watching the unconsciously funny members of great orchestras when, somewhat unfairly, the television cameras go wandering off among the music stands or peer at the teeth and tonsils of terrible tenors.

For Gerard Hoffnung this is, of course, kids' stuff. ("None the worse for that!" I can hear him say, for he is the man who declares in *Who's Who* that his recreations include "reading fairy stories.")

He goes farther. Like all great humorists he goes too far—and then just a bit farther.

His concerts provide plenty to laugh at. A persistent cougher is suddenly sniped at by a man with a gun in the wings and then carried away on a stretcher. Gifted small boys produce perfect A's upon their fathers' watering-cans. Brass bands, blaring away, burst into the hall from all sides. Hoffnung fights duels, he with his conductor's baton, pianist Joseph Cooper with a violin bow. The orchestra of 120 is loaded with surprises. Even those preposterous programme notes on the music are mocked.

Look at this for a supreme bit of solemn nonsense: "The momentous opening—the beginning of an introduction that is to contain the foreshadowings of all the principal thematic material—is among the unforgettable exordiums of music, echoing, as it does, what might be called the elemental power of the ethos of sublimity." And that is not all, not by a long chalk.

More than a clown

If you have wondered what is behind all these larks at the Festival Hall, realize that our friend is not merely a clown, is not a cheeky choirboy sniggering at solemn music. He's a cheerful chap, a pioneer, who refuses to believe that all music need be solemn. "I am a more normal person than most," he declares. And I believe him.

"Artists like Daumier and Rowlandson are not just funny men," he says. "They are in all the great art galleries. In the same way, there is a place for a great humorous composer."

Perhaps Hoffnung was not wasting his time, playing the tuba to cheer me up.

It may have given him an idea. As the little girl said, there's sad music and there's also glad music: we could really do with some funny-ha-ha music.

I certainly could.

Hoffnung provides it. In his strangely-compounded orchestra there are rifles, stone hot-water bottles ("we never use one if two will do") and vacuum cleaners ("very quiet and delicate. The whirring sound as they start up and switch off is really rather romantic").

I have been asked to join this orchestra, but, alas, I cannot read music. I could, though, have played the hisser, which I see they have. It is a cylinder of oxygen, of the kind that I have perpetually at my bedside.

Why shouldn't such strange things make cheerful music? I wish mine did. Old Thomas Fuller, centuries ago, said that "music is nothing else but wild sounds civilized into time and tune."

And that's exactly what Gerard Hoffnung and his merry men are doing.

THE END

Can we destroy the Grivas legend?

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officer from the Athens criminal investigation department could catch him in a fortnight."

An Athens police chief says, "Grivas was a bully in public, full of brag and monarchist exhortations. And he was a difficult man to get on with in private. He used to brood a lot, often for no apparent reason; then you would realize that he felt he had been insulted early in the conversation. He was full of temperament."

Grivas found a new cause. He became acquainted with a young, intelligent and immensely ambitious priest of the Irini Church—Makarios, then leader of a small group of politicians, poets and idealists bent on the annexation of Cyprus by Greece. Soon afterwards Makarios went to Cyprus and was elected archbishop and political leader of the 400,000 Greek-Cypriot community.

It was time for Grivas to act. After a rough passage by caïque from Rhodes, he slipped into Cyprus at a sea-coast village near Paphos. "We were all sick," he noted in his diary.

The first bombs

He wasted no time. Four days later, November 13, 1954, he started training men in sabotage and the use of automatics. On April Fools' Day the following year time bombs planted by his men went off in the Cyprus Broadcasting Corporation's station and started a campaign of murder and brutality that has smashed all normal life in Cyprus.

No one appreciated Grivas's strength until the finding of diaries, alleged to have been written by him, suggested that he was the power behind Makarios rather than the other way round.

He has successfully kept to the rule that the secret of terrorism is to live to fight another day. But in spite of his poor physical condition, there is nothing wrong with Grivas's nerves. On November 26, 1955, he was personally involved in an attempt on Sir John Harding's life. That night the Governor had agreed to attend the annual ball of the Nicosian Caledonian Society, but at the last moment he changed his mind. During the dance the lights snapped out and a bomb exploded in the middle of the floor, injuring twenty-three people.

When the lights went on an unexploded hand-grenade was found lying on the table reserved for the Governor.

On the following morning a boy on a bicycle rode up to the gates of Government House and left a letter for the Governor. It was from Grivas. "I am sorry you could not attend the ball, Your Excellency," it said. "You would have enjoyed it. I was waiting for you and was going to leave you the hand-grenade. But I am sure we will meet again."

Grivas's nerve is matched by his persistence. He is believed to have taken a year to plan his classic attempt on Harding's life: the planting of a time-bomb under the Governor's bed. The plot failed because the bomb did not go off at the right time, but as a propaganda move it was brilliant. Overnight hundreds of Cypriots forgot their anxiety at previous murders and looked at Grivas with new respect.

Grivas was not put off by these two failures and a third attempt was made on Harding's life, although this was kept a close secret by the Governor's security staff.

A helicopter landing site was built hurriedly in the Troödos mountains during an operation by security forces. The Governor and two of his staff were due to land there shortly before first light. A company of men screened the area an hour before the landing time. They found nothing and radio clearance was given.

As the helicopter came down to land on the concrete, a gust of wind took it about twenty feet off line. At that moment a tremendous explosion made the mountain tremble. The helicopter crash-landed. The Governor was unhurt, but two of his party were injured. An electrically-detonated mine had been planted on the perimeter of the landing site.

Security forces have questioned hundreds of suspected terrorists and captured EOKA men in attempts to find out more about Grivas.

An army interrogator remarked, "Normally a captured terrorist will 'sing' all night, naming every Greek Cypriot he knows as an EOKA man. But when you ask him about Grivas he stops talking."

Informers have good reason to fear Grivas for he is a callous executioner who has had at least two Greeks "executed" for every Briton killed in Cyprus.

Executions are often timed to give the maximum effect of ruthlessness. On a fine spring morning a group of masked men walked into the village church of Kythrea as the choir chanted the thirteenth psalm. They pointed to a man in the choir and beckoned him against the wall. As the congregation looked on, they shot him five times.

In the monastery of Chrysoroyiatissa, the monks were at prayer when EOKA called. The abbot, one of the most revered priests in Cyprus, was taken at gunpoint to his office and condemned to death in a trial which lasted two minutes. He was shot on the spot.

Grivas selected with great care the men who would carry out his orders. All new recruits are sworn in with an EOKA oath. The second clause reads, "I am ready to sacrifice my life for the sake of the freedom of my country."

In a Nicosia riot a young girl was arrested for throwing stones. It took two policemen to drag her, screaming slogans, to a truck. Round her neck was a locket and in it two pictures. One was Makarios. "He is my spiritual leader," she said. The other was Grivas —"my leader in battle."

The hero's escapes

This hero-worship by the young and impressionable and the short shrift meted out to informers are the main obstacles which prevent the capture of Grivas. Yet he has had one or two narrow escapes.

Once Marine Commandos in Platres captured a young terrorist in a shop. He had a roll of £5 notes and was buying a sack-load of tinned food. At the end of his shopping-list they found a note: "Dentifrice for uncle, and stomach tablets." They knew "Uncle" was Grivas's code name. That night troops, helicopters and police dogs scoured a hundred square miles of mountain.

A young paratrooper had the first luck. He saw a small group of men emerge from a hole in the mountainside. As he opened fire one fell and the rest escaped. Inside the cave the soldiers found a pair of glasses and a notebook belonging to Grivas.

The reason Grivas has never been found lies with the people of the island. The majority of the Greek community favours Enosis (union with Greece) and those who want the British to stay keep silent. Either because of patriotism or fear, they turn a blind eye to EOKA activities. As EOKA killing continued, even after it became clear that Greeks and Turks were reconciling their differences over Cyprus, many believed that Grivas was preparing to go it alone against the wishes of Makarios.

Since he ordered a cease-fire, Grivas has not allowed EOKA to become inactive. Masked men have roamed Cyprus in recent months picking out known Communist leaders and shooting them or beating them up. "Some say Grivas is electioneering," says an intelligence office, "I think it more likely he is exercising his dogs."

THE END

John was just a down-to-earth business man. Yet to win Megan now he must fight the battle of his life—with a legend

RESCUE

by JOHN DAVIES

JOHN PRICE took the afternoon off and drove out to Penarvon. Dr. Williams had said that he ought to get away from the works as often as he could. So he told himself that he was making this little excursion on his doctor's orders, but he knew that he was really going to see Megan.

It was a serene day in early spring. The Gower peninsula was all fresh, new-turned brown earth and delicate shades of young green, with grey-blue distances. Swansea was only a smudge of smoke in the sky behind him.

He changed down for the steep drop into Penarvon. Beyond the grey roofs clustered round the harbour the bay was silver in the sun.

He parked the car on the little quay and walked up to the house by the cliff path. They met suddenly, round an outcrop of rock. They were both taken by surprise. Then John said: "Hallo, David. Is your mother at home?"

"Yes." All the life had gone out of the boy's face, and in the tone of his voice his hostility showed more plainly than ever before.

"Thanks. I'll go on up."

The house stood on the seaward side of the path, built into the steep slope of the cliff. It was big and old, rambling and comfortable. Megan had told him to walk straight in whenever he called. He went in, and found her in the big living-room with the tall windows overlooking the bay. She was sitting by one of the windows, reading. She looked up when he knocked gently at the open door of the room, pushing back her dark hair, then smiling with pleasure when she saw who it was. She got up and came to meet him and kissed him. She said: "Hallo, John. How lovely to see you."

He said: "I got here as soon as I could."

"I'm so glad." She took his hand and led him to the window. They stood there side by side, looking out, before sitting down. The bay was glittering in the sun and she said: "What a perfect day."

"Heavenly."

She said, inconsequently, it seemed: "I love this room—and this view. So

There was only one chance of saving the boy now. Desperately Megan and John raced down the cliff path towards the boat . . .

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

Rescue

continued from previous page

much." She turned her head and smiled up at him again.

They had tea, just the two of them together, there in the big, airy room with no sound but the cry of the gulls on the cliff outside. And he found the tension he had to live with these days gradually relaxing. It was Megan, of course, who was responsible for that.

Then he remembered the boy, and felt a quick prick of irritation. He said: "David doesn't come in to tea?"

Megan said: "Sometimes he does. It depends what he's doing. Just now he's much too busy with his boat."

It depends, too, whether I'm here or not, John thought. He said: "He's the problem, isn't he? He's guessed what's in the wind. He knows I want to marry you. And he doesn't like it."

She said quietly: "But, John—that's only natural, isn't it?"

"Of course it is. But he'd get over it. Children are pretty good at accepting things when they have to." He grinned at her and took her hand. "Megan—my dear—I'm going to ask you again. I've got that damned great house—you can have anything you want. I can do a lot for David—a good school. . . . Besides, I love you, as I've told you a good many times now."

She pressed his hand. She said softly: "It bears repeating—I like to hear it. Is that selfish?"

He said flatly: "You mean you don't love me."

"I mean I'm not sure—about anything. I—well, it might not work out. It's so complicated, and I feel so muddled. I need more time . . ."

"All right." John shook his head. "But it's hell for me. Can't you let me know how long I've got to wait?"

She was silent for a long moment. Then she pressed his hand again. She said: "Come and see me again next week. I'll try to answer then."

All that week he slept even worse than usual. He lay awake far into the small hours, thinking of his childhood in Tremadoc. Happy days, then not so happy. Then the girl who had driven him away to the city. . . .

Swansea, the good job, hard work and quick promotion. Marriage to the boss's daughter—half infatuation, and half an eye to the main chance. Then Pamela's unfaithfulness. The divorce. . . .

Breaking with her father, and setting up on his own. The mania for work, because there was nothing else. The doctor's warning, and the three months' rest which he had cut to two weeks at Penarvon to be near the factory.

Penarvon, where he had met Megan. . . .

She was so obviously hard put to it to make ends meet. She probably didn't have anything except her pension, and he couldn't see the Admiralty being over-generous to a lieutenant-commander's widow. . . . He could give her so much. And she was so exactly the wife he needed—well-bred, intelligent, gracious. She would be a perfect hostess when he entertained.

What made her hesitate? She liked him. So what the hell was wrong?

It kept coming back to the same answer. The boy. He was her only child. She wanted him to be happy. But it was plain that he thought nobody could ever take the place of his father.

Lloyd Rees, Megan's husband and young David's father, had been a submarine captain. When his vessel failed to surface on a training trip, he gave his life to save three of his crew.

A dead hero. How could anyone hope to compete with that . . . ?

Next week, she had said. He couldn't wait beyond Monday. He rang Megan and said he'd come out that afternoon. By one o'clock he was on his way.

The serene weather had ended. It was a boisterous day of sunshine and rain. The strong south-west wind brought squalls tearing in from the sea.

It was still early when he walked into the house. There were voices in the living-room. The door was open, and he was upon them before he could stop himself. Megan and the boy. She looked distressed, and he was flushed and defiant. His hands were clenched at his sides and there were tears in his eyes. When he saw John, he broke suddenly away and ran out of the room.

John said: "I'm awfully sorry. . . ."

Megan looked at him. She was taut and trembling. She said wearily: "I didn't expect you quite so early."

"I know." He added lamely: "I didn't mean to break in like that."

He sat on the edge of a chair, like a stranger. He thought: *It's no use. I can't ask her now. Damn that boy.*

They talked, but it was a relief to them both when the phone rang.

Waiting for Megan to come back, John got up restlessly and stared gloomily out over the bay. He spotted the boat just as Megan came into the room again. He stared. Then he said quickly: "David's dinghy has a red sail, hasn't it?"

"Yes. Why?"

"I think he's in trouble."

She gripped his arm. "Where?"

"There—off the headland. I saw his sail come down."

Gusts rattled the window. The bay lay grey and foam-flecked under a pall of heavy cloud. The dinghy was a dot, far out. David must have lowered the sail because the wind was too much for him. Now the little boat was drifting—and in the path of its drift the sea was breaking in a murderous smother over the rocks lying off Penarvon Head.

John said: "Somebody's got to get out there quick. Who?"

"Palmer—the Commander," Megan said. "If he's——"

"Get on the phone to him. Hurry!"

He stood beside her while she made the call. Palmer was a retired naval officer who ran a small motor-cruiser. Please, God, let Palmer be there!

They were lucky. Palmer answered the phone himself. He said he'd meet them at the quay. They raced down the cliff path. The Commander was already aboard. As they reached the quay, Palmer brought the cruiser alongside. They scrambled aboard.

There was a big sea running in the bay outside. The motor-cruiser soared to each seething crest, then slid sickeningly down into the trough beyond. They could not see the dinghy against the dark mass of the headland.

Megan said brokenly: "I told him not to go out in this weather."

"Why did he?"

"Because he was upset. When he's like that, he always flies to his boat."

"What was he upset about?" It would be easier for her if they talked.

Megan hesitated. "You."

"Me? Why me?"

"I told him you were coming today. And why."

A sick chill touched John's heart. The boy might drown because of him. . . .

Palmer swung the cruiser a point to starboard. He said: "There he is—dead ahead now!"

They could all see the dinghy. They were closing the distance fast. But they were going to be too late. . . .

They were still a hundred yards away when a breaking wave hurled the little boat broadside into the welter. Palmer groaned aloud. It was madness to follow in the bigger, heavier boat.

John said: "I'm going after him." He tore off his jacket and went over the side of the cruiser in a sprawling dive.

At the edge of the smother a wave broke behind him, lifting him and smashing him down on rock. He clung, gasping, to the draining mass, until the next wave caught him up and hurled him forward. High on its surging crest, he dashed the water from his eyes and looked for the dinghy. He saw it, still afloat, spinning in the middle of a waste of black rock and boiling sea.

Suddenly the wave broke, hurling him head over heels into a sucking gully. He held on again while the water drained back. The gully filled, sweeping him on again, battering him against the sides.

He clawed and swam.

All at once he was in deep water again, and there was a sense of peace. The sea was calmer, in the lee of the rocks. A smooth swell lifted him. He felt weak

Hot war on your cold

There is a cure. It's hiding in your own throat by Dr. BRIAN ANSON

People in Britain catch an average of three colds a year. That means 150 million colds—the main cause of absenteeism from work and school. But new developments suggest that it may be possible to limit the effects of a cold.

A couple of years ago, Dr. J. Morrison Ritchie, Director of the Public Health Laboratory at Birkenhead, was asked by a few of his friends if he would make them an autogenous vaccine to protect them against colds.

An autogenous vaccine is a personal one, made from the germs in the patient's throat. This is quite an old idea which was abandoned, perhaps hastily, when it was discovered that colds are due to a virus, not to germs.

Dr. Ritchie was sceptical, but he yielded to persuasion and did as he was asked. To his surprise his friends had fewer colds, and those they did catch cleared up quickly. He decided to make a larger-scale experiment.

It seemed to him probable that most of the unpleasant features of a cold are due, not to the virus, but to germs normally present in the nose and throat.

He prepared cultures from two hundred volunteers, killed the germs by heat, mixed them with carbol-saline, and injected the vaccine at weekly intervals in gradually increasing doses into 109 volunteers. Another group of seventy-five got injections of the carbol-saline without the germs.

The result was that those he had immunized had only one-fifth as many colds as the others, and a much smaller rate of absence from work due to colds. After the injections were stopped immunity disappeared.

This convinced Dr. Ritchie that the virus of the common cold is just the starting point, or trigger, for more serious infection by the patient's own bacteria. Viruses are not killed by antibiotics, which are chemical substances obtained from moulds, but these other bacteria are. It logically followed that it should be possible to cure a cold by giving antibiotics "tailor-made" to the individual's germs as soon as symptoms started.

He took swabs from a fresh group of volunteers, identified their personal germs, and tested these against a series of antibiotics. For each volunteer he was able to prescribe a capsule which would sterilize his nose and throat.

Over in three days

Those who took the capsules, starting treatment as soon as the first symptoms of a cold appeared, reported that their colds were limited to sneezing and a watery discharge, and they were cured in three or four days.

This was very encouraging. But to make an autogenous vaccine requires several hours' work by a trained bacteriologist. So does individual testing of a person's throat swab for antibiotic sensitivity. To cure all colds in this scientific way is impracticable.

What we now need is a cheap, simple and harmless way of doing this.

Experiments in this direction have been partially successful. Some patients are being given lozenges containing a bactericide called dequalinium chloride.

Others are inhaling hypochlorites, inhaling the vapour from warmed iodine, and using nasal atomizers containing an antihistamine and an antibiotic. But the trouble with local applications such as lozenges and sprays is that the whole of the infected area may not be reached. A drug taken by mouth acts through the blood stream and reaches every part.

Some antibiotics, however, have what is called a "wide spectrum." That means they will kill quite a large variety of bacteria. Doctors have since written to the medical journals to say that they have tried curing colds with such antibiotics, without the laborious preliminary testing.

I caught a cold myself the other day. I took an antihistamine to control the sneezing, and an antibiotic, Achromycin, to kill my germs. I sniffed a hypochlorite solution three times a day to slaughter the germs the antibiotic might not have killed, and I took a Benzedrine tablet each morning to clear my fat head. I got well in three days.

There are reasons why most antibiotics should not be freely given for minor ailments. The germs can become resistant to the drug, and the patient may become allergic to the antibiotic.

Another factor is the cost. The drugs I took cost about £1. But if Health Service doctors were to treat every cold, at £1 a time, the drug bill, now £70 million a year, would be trebled.

However, new antibiotics are continually being discovered, and one which can be used with impunity may be developed. It may not be long before, at the onset of a cold, we can take a pill and say: "Back to work in two days."

THE END

Take any card...

. . . and you find a story. There's happiness, grief—and even a sentence of death

by REX GRIZELL

Cards come to life for conjurer June Merlin

WILLIAM PENN, a retired newsagent whose hobby is collecting playing cards, was in a dealer's shop when a customer heard him inquire about old packs of cards.

"I've got about eight packs at home you can have," said the customer. When he saw them, Penn realized at once that one of them was a rare "geographical" pack: each card had a map of one of the fifty-two counties of England and Wales as a background to the face markings It had been made in 1675. Some of the other packs were also rare.

"How much for the lot?" said Penn.

"Five pounds?"

Penn bought them on the spot. "I thought he would ask at least a hundred pounds," he says.

£500 for a card

In the past thousand years, millions of pounds have been won and lost on the turn of cards which have been considered worthless in themselves. Now, in Europe and America, collectors are willing to pay large sums for old and rare cards. Once, £500 was paid for a single card from a fifteenth-century Italian pack, and eighteenth-century English packs have been sold for as much as £50.

Penn's is the largest privately owned collection in the world. It includes almost nine hundred different packs from more than thirty countries.

At different times and in different countries playing cards have been made in all shapes and sizes, and in materials as varied as ivory, tortoiseshell, leather, wood, solid silver and even fish scales. In India, the cards are circular.

The number of cards in a pack varies enormously—from sixteen in the Persian pack to four hundred in a Japanese pack.

In America, Red Indians made crude copies on sheepskin of the cards which the first Spanish settlers were seen using. Penn has a Victorian doll's house pack in which the cards, only about a quarter-inch long, are hand-painted on chicken skin.

Playing card manufacturers in Britain produce ten million packs a year, at prices ranging from a few shillings upwards. The most expensive cards on sale here come from the Continent, and cost £2 8s. 6d. a pack. They are made of plastic and are washable.

In addition to the standard packs, manufacturers make several unusual types for specialist use. Jumbo cards, twelve inches by five inches, which can be seen right at the back of a theatre, are used by stage conjurers.

Packs of cards with either Braille or Moon impressions in addition to the ordinary pips are made so that the blind can play with sighted people. The backs of the cards have special designs which disguise the impressions from sighted players.

Cards known as "mockers" or "readers" have a flower design on the back, in which a thin black line like the hand of a clock shows by its position the number on the face of the card. Another device tells the suit.

Most of the card packs used by conjurers and card sharpers are made of thin card without linen reinforcement. They are of cheaper quality, but are more flexible.

"If a stranger on a train invites you to a game and pulls out a pack which is noticeably thin, refuse to play, or prepare to lose your money," says one card expert.

Playing cards are thought to have originated in the seventh century A.D. in China, when the Chinese first used paper money. Natural gamblers, the Chinese soon devised games in which the money was used both as cards and stake.

Although it is not known when the first cards appeared in Europe, the oldest cards in existence date from fifteenth-century Italy. In those days they were only for the leisured and wealthy. The Duke of Milan paid five hundred gold crowns for a hand-painted pack on gold embossed vellum.

Modern Italian and Spanish packs still use the same suit marks as these early cards. The thirty-two and thirty-six card German packs, used for the German games of *skat* and *trappola*, have suits of acorns, hearts, bells and leaves. The French suit marks—spades, hearts, diamonds and clubs—were originally known as pikes, hearts, paving tiles and trefoils.

According to Penn, the international spread of whist and bridge, in which cards of the French suit marks are always used, is resulting in fewer national packs being made. He thinks that they will eventually die out in Europe.

Hanged for an ace

Playing cards have been manufactured in this country since the fifteenth century. In 1615 King James I placed a tax on them, and until 1862 the government enforced this tax by forbidding anyone but themselves to manufacture the ace of spades. Card-makers could only complete their pack by purchasing the ace of spades from the government. Forging the ace was punishable by death. In 1805, Richard Hardy, of Grosvenor Square, was found guilty of this offence and hanged.

Most of the royal families of Europe have at one time or another had packs made which showed members of the royal family on the court cards.

Today, most orders for special cards come from business firms who want give-away packs advertising their own products. But one firm makes special packs for Princess Margaret and the Queen Mother, which have Royal ciphers on the back.

In fortune telling, the ace of spades signifies sickness or death, and is considered the unluckiest card in the pack. The entire suit of spades signifies misfortune in some degree, with the nine of spades running the ace close in foretelling disaster.

Some other cards have particular associations. The nine of diamonds is known as the curse of Scotland, and the four of clubs, an unlucky card, is named the Devil's Bed Post.

Penn, who would go a hundred miles to look at an old pack of cards, does not play cards himself. He considers it "somewhat frivolous."

At least one government authority recognizes that there are circumstances when this may not be the case.

The Morale Division of the United States Navy equips every lifeboat and raft with two standard items—a Bible and a pack of cards. THE END

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and sick, but hope rose in him again as he saw the dinghy not far ahead. It was close under the cliff. He saw it carried dizzily upwards by the surge of the sea against the cliff.

JOHN swam for the boat. He had been a powerful swimmer once. Now he was hopelessly out of condition, and bruised and torn. He fought the weakness and the pain, and swam. The dinghy surged over him. He reached up and grabbed at the transom. He hung there, sick and dizzy. Then he hurled himself up and went sprawling over the stern on to the floorboards.

He picked himself up and stared around him. There was a narrow, deep-water passage between the cliff. He'd looked down upon it from the headland more than once during those two holiday weeks he'd spent at Penarvon wondering whether a boat might take a short cut through. He'd decided that it would be tricky in a power boat in anything except dead calm weather. And suicide under sail.

Now he'd got to try it.

He noticed the boy for the first time. He was huddled in the bottom of the boat, frozen with terror. John reached out and slapped his face hard. He said: "When I get the sail up—steer."

A gull swooped and screamed. The boat was back under the sheer wall of the cliff. It heeled to the wind and the tip of its mast scraped rock. John stumbled aft and grabbed the mainsheet and tiller from the boy.

The boat came upright. He sailed it close and fast along the frowning cliff wall. And, even at that desperate time, he felt the old skill coming back.

A feeling of exultation rose within him. He was confident now that they were going to make it. And he was right. The rocks and the headland fell away behind. The dinghy surged triumphantly out into open water. The launch was waiting for them there.

MEGAN gave him her bedroom. The first night he slept the sleep of utter exhaustion. In the morning, when he awoke, there was sunshine in the room. He lay blinking at it, trying to sort things out. He couldn't remember much of what had happened the day before after the launch had picked them up. He knew he'd passed out on the way back.

A few minutes later Megan came and sat beside the bed, looking at him anxiously. He told her he felt all right. And it was true. His body seemed to be one great bruise, and he had a ferocious headache. But somehow, in some queer way, he felt fine.

Megan was obviously very relieved. She said: "David would like to see you."

The boy came in. He stood there awkwardly until at last he blurted out: "You can sail a boat jolly well."

John grinned at him. He knew the stumbling words for what they were. Thanks. An apology. And an acceptance. . . .

When Megan came in again, he seemed to be looking at her afresh, to be seeing her more clearly than ever before. And now, at last, one thing became very plain to him.

Megan belonged here, in this place. Looking at her calm beauty, he realized how wrong he had been in wanting her to take over his Swansea house. This was the world she loved. Little things she had said came back to him . . . That afternoon when he had gone out to tea with her and she had told him: *I love this room—and this view. So much.*'

She belonged here. Perhaps he belonged here, too. Or part of him. The better part of him.

Then she sat down beside the bed, he reached for her hand. He said quietly: "You know—you never did give me your answer."

BEFORE she could speak, he went on quickly: "I was the trouble all the time, wasn't I—not David. You liked me all right, perhaps enough to marry me, but you didn't like the kind of life I led. Right?"

She sat looking down. Then she said: "Yes, I think it is."

He shook his head. "When I think of the way I asked you to marry me, just as though I was offering you a job with the firm. I even wanted a deadline for your decision. I wonder you didn't send me packing there and then!"

She said, "I don't think I could ever have done that."

He looked at her. He said quietly: "Well, things are different now. I'd dearly like to live here—if you agree. Carry on with the business, of course, but keep it in its place. My dear, will you marry me?"

It seemed a long while before she answered. Then she said softly: "Darling, yes. Oh yes!" THE END

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NEXT WEEK

LAST OF THE BRAVES

Gripping drama of the West

by CHAD OLIVER

Buy once-a-week, your

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MURDER ON MY MIND · 2

by Ex-Superintendent FRED NARBOROUGH

Shall we ever find the Arundel killer?

It was the biggest manhunt for years, but all in vain. Now there was nothing I could do but wait . . . for the final clue

WHEN I was promoted to the Murder Squad at Scotland Yard in 1945 to become one of the Big Five, along with Bob Fabian, Bob Stevens, Guy Mahon and Jack Capstick, I did not dream that three years later I would be plunged into one of the most bizarre mysteries of all time. Or that the brutal killing of Joan Woodhouse, a nineteen-year-old librarian, at Box Copse, a beauty spot in Arundel Park, Sussex, would spark off an investigation that was to haunt me through the years and has not even yet been concluded.

Looking back from my retirement to that ten-year-old tragedy, it has often seemed to me that all that went before —my boyhood as a farmer's son in Norfolk, my experiences as a young policeman pounding a London East End beat and my part in solving killings as a member of the Murder Squad—was somehow designed to prepare me for my biggest test.

During twenty-four exciting years before the Arundel case shocked Britain I had taken part in fist battles with London toughs and battles of wits with tricksters of all kinds.

Battered to death

It was an exciting new experience for me when, after dealing with enemy aliens and black marketeers, I was called in to investigate a particularly brutal murder on March 16, 1945. A middle-aged street woman called Mrs. Gertrude Rose, but known in her cynical circle as "Boss-eyed Maisie" because of a slight cast in one eye, was found battered to death in her Brixton flat.

The charwoman who found the body was still trembling from shock when I arrived. Nobody could have survived the wounds received by Maisie. The bed and walls had been drenched by her blood. A shillelagh stood in a corner.

I took a statement from the charwoman as Dr. Keith Simpson, the pathologist, carried out an examination. Then Dr. Simpson gave us a running commentary on his discoveries.

There were extensive injuries in keeping with the dead woman having been beaten by the cudgel over the head three times, and of having warded off four blows with the left arm and hand. The cause of death was shock from a fractured skull and lacerated brain.

I went back to Southey Road. The corpse had supplied considerable mute information. I wanted a word with the living about some letters I had found in the flat.

The correspondence, obviously read and re-read many times from the fold marks, was written by a lieutenant in the United States Air Force stationed with a bomber group in Norfolk. Neighbours told me about the American officer nicknamed "Red" who spent his leaves with the dead woman. I went to the air base and questioned the officer. A thorough investigation proved he had nothing to do with the crime.

Letters from another seven men of the U.S. forces had been found in the Brixton flat. Like the officer at the Norfolk air base, they were cleared in turn of any connection with the murder. A show-down kit inspection of all American personnel in Britain at the material time produced no results.

Months after the crime I was left with my stack of statements, some sixty-odd, and only the unconfirmed theory that one unidentified American Serviceman among the hundreds of thousands who milled through London could have been the murderer.

This unsatisfactory ending to a crime of violence was a bitter pill for me. However, it was more than made up for by my being able to bring about the arrest and punishment of those responsible for a brutal attack on an Allied seaman in London's black-out. The case of the coshed seaman was an example of how the hidden dangers in London streets were sometimes more perilous than the war at sea.

I had moved to Hampstead Police Station, but I was at home in bed when a constable reported finding an unconscious man lying by the roadside in the snow. He had a fractured skull. There were no clues to his identity, but he had the looks of a Merchant Navy seaman. His pockets had been emptied.

I was assigned to the case. Out went my "all stations" message asking that any recovered stolen cars should be checked for fingerprints and bloodstains.

A C.I.D. colleague from Edgware telephoned within two hours. A Hillman Minx, reported as stolen from Camden Town the night before, had been found at Burnt Oak. In the back seat was a blood-smeared length of garden hose loaded at one end with lead piping. Camden Town, Hampstead, Burnt Oak . . . a pattern was emerging, but patience was needed. Forty-eight hours passed before the man behind the screens in the hospital ward recovered consciousness. He was still dangerously ill.

One of the surgeons was a friend of mine. He allowed me two questions. Where had the man come from? Euston railway station. Where had he been given a lift? From some all-night café in Camden Town. He did not know the name. He whispered that he was a Merchant Navy seaman. Just one more question. Yes, his pockets had been emptied. What was missing? His pay-book, wallet, one hundred Sweet Caporal cigarettes, a pocket torch and his old brown pullover. Everything

Joan Woodhouse, victim of an unknown murderer

The man's hand went into his pocket, and I smashed my fist to his jaw. He keeled over . . .

ILLUSTRATION BY LAURENT

DOCTOR'S CASEBOOK

RHEUMATISM

"Doctor, my back hurts . . . a sort of sharp pain. Have I got lumbago or rheumatism or what? And how can I get rid of it?"

MR. D. is one of those people who don't go to a doctor for nothing. He is a sensible, middle-aged man with a responsible job and a family of growing children to provide for. He obviously leads a very full and busy life.

First of all I examined Mr. D. to see if his trouble really was some form of rheumatism. Of course, rheumatism covers a number of aches and pains.

Lumbago is one kind of rheumatism; so are fibrositis, stiff neck, and many other pains we get in our muscles. For muscular rheumatism is by far the most common kind of rheumatism. And although it's not a dramatically serious disease it can be intensely painful—as anyone who suffers from it knows all too well.

I asked Mr. D. where the pain was and he said it was just in the middle of his back. It surprised him when I pressed a muscle some distance to the side to find that it hurt there even more. "But it didn't hurt there before," he said.

"Maybe not, Mr. D.," I said, "but the fact is that that's what is causing your trouble. You see, the real cause of muscular rheumatism is what we call 'trigger spots.' They are little hard lumps of cramped muscle, varying in size as small as a pea or much larger."

Referred pain

I went on to explain how these trigger spots are often some distance from where the patient actually feels the pain. It's called referred pain—because the sensation is "referred" from one place to another. For example, pain in the forearm can be caused by "trigger spots" in the shoulder. In his own case, I told him the pain was referred from the muscle on one side, where he couldn't feel it until I found the exact place, to the middle of his back, where it was a painful nuisance.

"Well, no," I explained, "you should deal with *both* places. You must treat the place where you feel the pain. It helps to relieve it. But you're right to pay attention to the *cause* of the pain as well. Once you get rid of the trigger spot you get rid of the pain that it causes, wherever it is."

New treatment

"All this explains why the stuff I rubbed on didn't work. Does it matter what I rub in?"

"Most certainly it does. A Harley Street doctor has discovered that a natural substance called adrenaline can be used very effectively to get rid of trigger spots, and he also found that the simplest and easiest way to administer adrenaline is in the form of a cream. All you need to do is

massage it thoroughly over the trigger spot and over the place where you feel the pain, using a kneading action with the finger-tips and thumbs. You can treat yourself at home, and in a few days you should be completely fit again.

"The adrenaline cream I'm giving you to use has enclosed with it a very useful chart showing where to find the trigger spots for many forms of muscular rheumatism. This cream is called Lloyd's Adrenaline Cream and it is the cream specially developed for the Harley Street doctor. It's important to use this one, as it is certified to retain its adrenaline potency for at least 12 months. Without this potency the cream cannot do its job. The trigger spot chart that comes with it is based on what he and other doctors have found out. People can get Lloyd's Adrenaline Cream for themselves at any chemists.

"So just carry out the directions, Mr. D., and you should be perfectly recovered in a very few days."

It is regretted that no correspondence can be entered into. But if you would like to have a free booklet, called "Diets for Rheumatic Sufferers," of interest to all who suffer from rheumatism, write to Dept. R.2, Howard Lloyd & Co., Ltd., 11 Waterloo Place, London, S.W.1.

Murder on my mind

continued from previous page

else had gone down with his torpedoed ship.

A bad-tempered detective is not a good detective and I needed a drink to cool off. Here was a sailor who had lost all his possessions when risking his life in a convoy, to come ashore and nearly lose his life to some rotten little spivs. The arrest of his attackers became a personal matter.

Euston Station was the starting-point. We went towards Camden Town, checking with officers on the beat about which cafés were open throughout the night. The man who was almost murdered had arrived from Liverpool about midnight. That ruled out many of the low-life haunts in the district. We narrowed the search down to four-three-two, then there was only one café which fitted all the circumstances.

I pushed inside with a detective-sergeant. Inside were criminal types in all colours, white, black and yellow. We called for coffee and sat down at a table.

My colleague produced a half-smoked cigarette and that must have triggered off my line of thought. As we dallied, the girl hovering over the urns had been chain-smoking. She had just lit her third cigarette from the end of another.

Fight in a café

I ordered a cake and made small talk with the girl. She put down her cigarette to serve another customer. "You seem all right for rations." I nodded at the smoking butt.

I think she realized I was a detective. She produced her half-empty package of cigarettes. Sweet Caporals!

"I had a bit of luck. Bloke who comes in here sometimes made me a present. Nothing wrong with that, is there?"

Did she know the man well? Not really, but he had promised her a new electric torch for the blackout.

She did not recognize us when we returned later that night, mufflers round our necks, hats pulled down over our eyes. We were seated in a corner, studying racing form behind the shield of our newspapers when a fair-haired, thick-set young man came through the blackout and went straight over to the girl. We interrupted his flirtation with a demand for his identity card. The sergeant read out a name and address in Burnt Oak while I watched the man's face.

I asked him where he had been the night the seaman was attacked. At the local cinema with a girl friend. Glib enough.

"You answer the description of a man wanted for robbery. I am going to take you to——" I was not allowed to finish. His hand went to his pocket. I smashed my fist to his jaw. It was not a very scientific punch but it served. He keeled over and we twisted a small pistol from his fingers. It was loaded.

Identity parade

I rang the hospital where the coshed seaman lay and made arrangements for the most unusual identification parade of my career.

Next morning was a Sunday. Where could I round up ten men of about the same age and appearance as the prisoner? The answer lay with the adaptable A.R.P. Ten of the local personnel changed into civilian clothing and clambered into a police tender.

The seaman, his head turbaned in bandages, was wheeled in his bed to a lift and gently taken down one floor to the empty ward set aside for air-raid casualties. Two hospital attendants slowly pushed the bed along the line of men.

"Stop!" he shouted, pointing a trembling finger. "That's the man who drove the car."

The prisoner still protested that a terrible mistake had been made. I knew better, but I was worried about the other men in the back seat of the stolen car.

I bluffed a confession out of my man after two hours of hard questioning. And my only effective line of argument was that the seaman with severe head injuries might have a relapse and die. That would mean a murder charge.

Acting on the information I gained, I arrested two youths. They went to Borstal from the Old Bailey. The driver, who tried to pull a gun on me, received three years' penal servitude.

The war ended, but crime went on, and in case after case I pitted brains and experience against all kinds of criminals, learning a little more each time. As a member of the Murder Squad I might have been tempted to feel a trifle smug had the Joan Woodhouse murder not broken in the summer of 1948.

When Joan's body was discovered, partially concealed by dense shrubbery in Box Copse, Arundel Park, a puzzling feature was immediately apparent. Her outer clothing had been removed and lay in a neat pile on a green, hooded mackintosh beside her. She had been the victim of a brutal sexual assault.

She had left the London hotel where she lived during the early hours of July 31, 1948, telling a girl friend that she intended spending a few days with her widowed father at Barnsley, in Yorkshire. The finding of her body was not reported to the police at Arundel until after 5 p.m. on Tuesday, August 10.

I went to the Sussex beauty spot with Detective-Sergeant J. Pattison. At Arundel we met Dr. Keith Simpson, the London pathologist, and local officers guided us to Box Copse. We checked over a fawn overcoat, a coloured frock, a handbag and an artificial pearl necklace. The state of the underwear on the body indicated that the girl might have slid down to where she was found.

In the rain-sodden handbag was a

A policeman's wife, wearing the dead girl's clothing, posed for this composite picture, which includes Joan Woodhouse's head superimposed from a snapshot. It appeared in the national papers

cloakroom ticket, No. 5077, issued at Worthing Central Station, a few miles away, on July 31, the day Joan left London. A blue leather weekend case, recovered with the ticket later, contained correspondence addressed to the dead girl and personal articles. There was also a diary. This contained the names and addresses of more than a hundred men.

Dr. Simpson told me that the body must have been lying in Box Copse for *eight to ten days.*

So a girl who had claimed she intended visiting her father in Yorkshire is found dead in Sussex beside a pile of outer clothing, neatly folded after removal. Her diary lists page after page of men's names. The mental picture conjured up from the available evidence grows into sharper focus: August Bank Holiday weekend. A girl and a man travel together to Worthing or meet by arrangement in the seaside resort. The girl leaves her suitcase at the left-luggage office and the couple find local accommodation.

Raped, strangled

They visit Arundel Park in the brilliant sunshine and choose secluded Box Copse for their love-making. Of all the clothing on the half-naked body only a shoulder strap is torn, but she has been raped and strangled.

Any amateur criminologist could have told me the next step in the investigation. Locate close men friends of Joan. I put a murder hunt in motion.

When Joan left the Y.W.C.A. she wore a blue Paisley frock with yellow and pink stripes. Surely some of the milling thousands in the Worthing-Arundel area must have seen her in her gaudy dress?

With a shudder, the wife of a local police sergeant pulled the dead girl's frock over her head and carried her overcoat and mackintosh while photographs were taken. A recent snapshot of Miss Woodhouse was obtained and the head superimposed on the most suitable picture of the living woman.

This photographic reconstruction appeared in most of the national newspapers on Friday, August 13, along with a police appeal to anybody who saw Joan Woodhouse alone or in the company of a man on Saturday, July 31.

Meanwhile, Box Copse drew me back like a magnet. I cursed the passage of time between the crime and its discovery. There had been days and nights of torrential rain sandwiched between long intervals of brilliant sunshine.

There had been heavy bruising, as from the sliding pressure of footwear, at the bottom of the trunks of several of the trees where the clothing had been so neatly piled. No other evidence of a struggle had been discovered. The marks on the tree trunks might have been made by two sets of thrusting and thrashing feet as the girl had fought off the initial assault, before being chased to the spot where I had first seen the body. Had the bruising and lacerations of the bark been raw and fresh I fancy I might have made something out of them. But the weather had washed that out.

Many public-minded folk came forward as a result of the publicity. One was a stableman employed by the Duke of Norfolk. He was certain he had seen Joan Woodhouse on the fatal day. He told me he had been exercising two dogs in the park in the afternoon when he saw a young couple strolling towards him in the direction of Box Copse. One of his dogs ran up to the girl, who stroked it. When the girl said, "Aren't they lovely?" the stranger hesitated before answering: "Yes."

The stableman was taken to the Criminal Record Office at Scotland Yard, where he viewed a succession of photographic albums. He made no positive identification.

Through patient, but intensive, investigation many of the men listed in the dead girl's diary had been identified and traced.

Joan's former sweetheart lived in Folkestone. I took Detective-Inspector Hoare to interview him. We found him to be intelligent, of excellent character and co-operative. He had a perfect alibi. On July 31 he had been seen by a score of local people at different times of the day and night. He had spent the remainder of the weekend hiking with friends in the district—a hundred miles from Box Copse.

He told us that he had last seen Joan four months before she was killed. They had spent Easter weekend together at his mother's house in Flintshire. They had arranged to meet in May, when he was addressing a conference at Scarborough. He was bitterly disappointed when the girl did not turn up and, in a fit of pique, decided not to visit her at Bridlington, where she was staying with her aunt. The intervals between their exchange of letters grew longer and longer after that. They had not met again.

Magistrates visit Box Copse, the scene of Joan Woodhouse's murder "by person or persons unknown." Despite intensive investigations over the past ten years, Scotland Yard has made no arrest. The killer walks free . . .

Door-to-door hunt

I then put in motion the biggest door-to-door hunt of postwar years. Every boarding house, hotel and apartment house in Worthing was visited by plain-clothes men, who had a photograph of the dead girl in their wallets. They all asked the same questions. Did this girl book accommodation for herself or for herself and a man on the night of July 31? Did the man occupy a bed alone?

At the same time my squad of fifteen officers obtained the names and addresses of every unattached male who had been staying in Worthing during the material time.

It was a tremendous task, but the work was completed in four days. Then I turned to Arundel and the surrounding villages. The same questions were asked.

To make doubly sure, every holiday-maker in Worthing and Arundel on July 31 was traced and visited at home by local police. Every employee of British Railways at Victoria, Worthing and Arundel was interviewed. The drivers and conductors of coaches between London and the local coastal towns were seen. So were all taxi drivers and private-hire chauffeurs in the district.

All males over fifteen years of age in Arundel were closely questioned in a house-to-house inquiry. But in every case we drew a blank.

A twenty-four year old local painter had discovered the body in Box Copse and rushed with the news on a borrowed bicycle to Arundel Police Station.

He was Thomas Philip George Stillwell, of nearby Offham. He told Arundel police that during the afternoon of Tuesday, August 10, at about a quarter to five, he had been taking the short cut through the park to his home.

As he walked through the wood which he knew as Box Copse he came across a pile of clothing and what he thought was a handbag. The bag was open when he first saw it. He picked it up and looked inside to see if he could find anything for identification.

He could not find anything, so he picked up a fawn-coloured coat and felt in one pocket. In the pocket was a compact, which he looked at and then replaced.

Near the clothing there was what he thought was a headscarf, but he discovered it was a dress. Then he saw a figure lying against the bottom of the box trees. He did not think it was a body at first, but looked again and realized it was a woman's body. He immediately left the wood and returned to the lake entrance, where he borrowed a cycle and reported the matter to the police.

He told them that when he saw the body he noticed it was wearing only a vest, stockings and shoes.

He saw two young girls about eight or nine years old playing on a pair of steps not far from the body. He went over to them and told them not to go near or into the wood. They asked him why and if he meant because of the cattle. He said "No," but did not give any explanation. For a moment they seemed rather scared. He then asked if they were on a holiday. They said they had a half-day holiday from Chichester. The children then went down the slope and up the other side of the valley.

Six weeks after the murder Scotland Yard had to admit it was stumped. Joan's diary listing the names and telephone numbers of more than a hundred men had been satisfactorily explained by the fact that Joan was honorary secretary of an organization linking librarians throughout Britain.

But the vital piece in the jigsaw puzzle that was the private life of Joan Woodhouse was still missing—how to explain the fact that all her garments except her underwear lay folded, the way a woman neatly folds her clothing, beside her body.

On Monday, September 27, a day-long review of the investigation was held at Scotland Yard. With ashtrays overflowing and the air blue with smoke, the decision was taken to invite the aunt, Mrs. Ida Sheriff, of Bridlington, the woman closest to the dead girl, to travel south again and tell us everything she could, leaving no detail between birth and the black ending undiscussed.

I telephoned Bridlington and received immediate co-operation. "Anything to find that beast. . . ."

The appointment was made for ten o'clock on Wednesday at the Yard. Three timid but determined women were ushered into my office. Mrs. Sheriff, her sister, Mrs. Blades, and the sister-in-law, Mrs. Johnson.

'Tell everything'

Superintendent George Hatherill helped me to put them at their ease. Mrs. Sheriff was the main speaker, with occasional prompting from the other two. "Go right back to the moment Joan was born and tell us every single thing you can remember. Everything! However insignificant it might seem to you," had been their briefing. They concentrated, chattered, contradicted each other over details, striving and trying to help.

It was the dull enough story, all over again, of a Barnsley-born only child who passed through the elementary school, won a scholarship to the local high school and set her mind on a career as a librarian. When she had arrived in London for the first time, after the death of her mother, they had less detail to offer, although she wrote regularly, twice a week, to her aunts.

We went over the same ground, the

continued on page 33

THE INCORRUPTIBLE TAILOR

by GERALD KERSH

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

"Now too many blessings may be a curse," said Mr. Vara one day while he was pressing my trousers. He worked with an old-fashioned fourteen-pound hand iron, with a certain deliberation which has driven nervous men into hysterics.

I once heard a commercial traveller beg Vara please to make it a quick job because he had to catch a train. Vara said: "There are plenty of trains. Catch another train. Nothing is done in a hurry in Vara's shop."

To hear him talk with such calm majesty one might imagine that his was one of those cathedral-like establishments to be found in Savile Row. But he has the merest box of a tailor's shop somewhere behind Victoria Station.

He is not much to look at either: a shrimp of a man, with insignificant features curiously compressed in an expression of ineluctable obstinacy and a head of stiff, grey hair.

"Too many blessings may be a curse," Vara repeated. "Children are a blessing and a comfort to a man in his old age. I have seven, so when I want a little peace and quiet to read a book I go to a waiting-room on Victoria Station. A wife is a blessing. I am blessed with one, and she is blessed with ambition. So are all the children. I mean, ambition for me. But I am not ambitious. I am a craftsman, I am, and I won't stoop to ambition in the form of ready-mades and junk. You have met my wife?"

I had. She reminded me of a hornet after a spider is finished with it—there is nothing left but the sting. But I said: "Charming woman."

Vara had been blessed with years of married hell. His will power was tremendous

Vara said: "Energetic. She has not stopped giving me hell for twenty-five years. And hell can be a blessing; it exercises the will power. If she had been of the yielding type I might have softened. As it is, I have never given way one inch. Vara dies, but he does not surrender."

It was difficult not to laugh at this preposterous little fellow, but I asked, with gravity: "What's the battle?"

"Ah," he said, "you are a man of culture. One can talk to you. Have a cup of tea."

"I should prefer my trousers."

"Since when do you need trousers to sit down and have a quiet chat?"

"But I have an appointment."

"In London everybody is always late. And if they are in a hurry, let them wait until their hurry is over."

Just then a youth came in with a tartan jacket over his arm, which he threw down, saying: "I want a new zipper on this."

Vara felt the cloth, rolled the jacket up and calmly tossed it out of the shop. "Follow it," said he. The youth was too astounded to do anything but pick up his jacket and go away.

"Sir, I learned my craft with sweat and pain. It is a humble one, but I am the master of it, and the work of these two hands shall not go into such stuff as that. This is what has kept me poor, and for this I have sacrificed my peace at home. 'Take what you want,' said God, 'and pay for it.'

"Only two years ago there was a crisis about this, and my wife hit me on the head with a frying pan. Only a light aluminium frying pan, but she is very strong for her weight. . . . I wandered into a museum and stood for a whole hour, looking at a bronze figure of a sea nymph they had just bought—how beautiful! — and comforted myself, thinking: *Would that sculptor have put so much of his heart and soul into a lump of butter?*"

I replied: "Canova did. He carved a lion in butter."

"Yes. And whoever heard of a lion in butter? And who remembers Canova, that abominable mediocrity?"

"What is the matter with a slab of butter? If nothing else is available, why not?"

"I hate discussion," said Vara, and so he went on:

I have had some little trouble with my family, especially with the younger ones. My youngest son is a sort of infant prodigy. He reads the basic writings of everybody under the moon. He knows everything and understands nothing.

There is only one cure for this kind of juvenile disease—a bang on the jaw. Underdogs are in and out of my shop day and night; I have no affection for them and still less for their protagonists.

I've got a prodigy—two actually; one male and one female. The girl, Elizabeth, is a prodigy in psychology. She has written an essay proving that the abnormal is normal, and vice versa; and all the world is wrong. Not bad for a girl of fifteen, what?

Then my eldest, Frank, he is an inventor of cosmetics. I should hate to tell you what he has cost me in damages; he removed acne from a lady's face, only part of the face came with it. Cyril, the middle one, wants to take up some madness called sexology, though girl-shy, and has given me lectures that have brought a blush to my face, although, as far back as my great-grandmother could remember, we Varas have always been fecund as codfish.

But I will not bore you with details, except to say that it all costs a mint—a fee here, a fee there—to say nothing of the fact that landlords need their rent, taxes must be paid, insurance must be attended to, cloth wholesalers require a little on account, a man needs a new pair of glasses.

But if you are ever blessed with a large family, you will notice that things like shoes and socks do not wear out one at a time. The whole lot invariably goes simultaneously. On Sunday, say, everything is all right. Comes Monday morning and you might be the Cratchit family on Christmas Eve; and when you start to think, the gas company is on your doorstep with a final notice, the telephone man arrives to disconnect, the groceries aren't delivered, and always, as Kipling says: "Boots, boots, boots, boots."

There was a day a couple of years ago when I had to find a hundred pounds or perish dishonourably.

I opened the shop and put the irons on the fire, and tried to work things out. Nothing came. But then, all of a sudden, a peculiar cheerfulness took hold of me. It does, you know, when you are in despair. Nothing like a good hopelessness to brisk a man up.

So I start to press a pair of riding breeches, when there drives up an opulent motor-car, driven by a chauffeur in green—facecloth—excellent quality —and in comes a big, blonde woman.

I have a predilection for big, blonde women, but this one I could take or leave alone, as the saying goes. Although her entire physique was thrust out, her whole soul was sucked in. You could read it in her mouth and her empty eyes. Yes, she was wearing five thousand pounds' worth of diamonds, and some criminal had made her a hat for five hundred pounds.

She says to me—smelling of perfume that cost twenty guineas an ounce—that she is Mrs. X, and I have been recommended to her by Mrs. Y. She has, says Mrs. X, a quantity of cloth from Paris, together with certain patterns, also from Paris, pirated from the *haute couture*. And will I make them up, every stitch by hand?

What is my reaction? I say: "Let us have a look at the material."

She calls to the chauffeur and he brings in five costume lengths of stuff and puts them on my counter. At which she slaps the cloth with her paper patterns and asks me: "How much? I won't pay a penny more than thirty pounds for making this up."

I gave her a look. I know the type. They boast to high heaven of their husbands' riches, but haggle for pennies like a Petticoat Lane dealer.

They are clever, they are impregnable, they are not to be taken in. They are the easiest persons to be taken in, however, and always come home with bargains. These bargains are generally in the form of jewellery or cloth. They find some delight in

"I am a poor man," Vara told the woman. "I need your money but I will not have it. Take your rotten cloth out of my shop . . ."

All Change

Poor Rowley, when he pulled his party cracker,
And found a paper telling him to wish,
  Asked (who can tell the reason?
  Was it just the festive season?),
Asked fervently that he could be a FISH.

Now his parents take the bus to the Aquarium
  Each Tuesday. They have never missed, for years.
  And they contemplate young Rowley,
  Swimming languorously and slowly,
And they wave—but do not shed parental tears.

It is only by his cap and tie they know him
From the countless other fishes that are there.
  Strange, that in his transformation
  To the piscicultural station
He should keep his little cap—but lose his hair.

It is sad, of course, but has its compensations.
His parents do not pine, nor make a fuss.
  The Aquarium's far cheaper,
  (Fees at school were much, much steeper),
And he *never* would have passed "eleven-plus."

GERTRUDE MONRO HIGGS

In Short

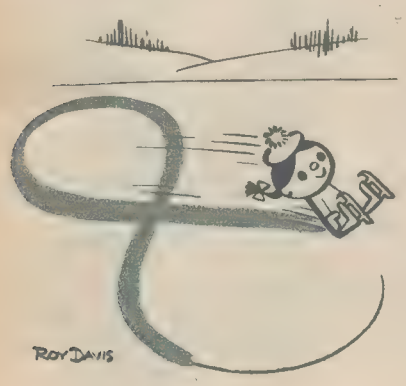
Things We Wish We'd Never Started

And now for another little game. Is there any gentleman dancing with somebody else's wife? You, sir? Are you the only one? Well, you'll have to play this little game all by yourself. I want you to go down on one knee and your partner to sit on the other knee—that's the idea. Now, sir, I want you to sing to your partner, "You are my sunshine, my only sunshine." Right? Off we go then. Sing up, sir, you did better than that when you were courting. Never mind if your wife's watching. That's right, madam, arms round his neck. Isn't that lovely? Right, carry on dancing, please. . . .

Now another little game. When the music stops I want you all to stand still. . . . Now, QUITE still. Ah, there's a couple wobbling. Well, well, it's you again, sir. This *is* your lucky night. Now I'm going to ask your partner to blindfold you and steer *you* round the floor. Ha! Ha! Not so easy! Now, madam, let him waltz by himself. Come on, sir, ONE, two, three. . . . He does look a bit lost, doesn't he? Never mind, give him a good hand. Carry on, please. . . .

Warming up a bit now, aren't we? When the music stops again I've got a surprise for the couple nearest the clock . . . *well* we do seem to be picking on you, sir. Now, I want you to pretend you're paddling. Roll up your trousers. . . .

E. S. TURNER



Late News

Why *does* my newspaper conceal
Those items I dare not ignore,
Until I am wrapping up peel
From potatoes—or lining a drawer?

JOSEPHINE WHITING

Sally And The Plough

There was something hypnotic about demonstrations, said Sally, and usually she rushed past those men throwing soot on carpets with her eyes shut, but what stopped her the other day was a *plough*. You didn't often see ploughs in the middle of London, even on a bombed site, so naturally she had to look.

It was a dear little plough, just right for a tiny field or a largish garden, and she said as much to the man in orange overalls who sprang out of a booth beside her, rubbing his hands. At once he was pushing levers, pulling knobs, inviting her to try it herself, and patting it like a donkey. All Sally could do was nod wisely and say what about subsoil, and anything else she thought sounded agricultural, while the man showered her with sales talk.

It was extraordinary, Sally said, what a superior land-owning feeling it gave her even to think of herself buying a plough, and she was mentally fitting it into the garage when the man asked her how many acres she had. Then she realized that there wouldn't be anything *to* plough, unless they sacrificed the lawn, and ploughing that would take only ten minutes.

So she said she was just looking—which was true—and she'd have to think about it—which she has been doing ever since, because the man was bringing it on Saturday for a trial on her "land," and she hadn't told John yet.

DAPHNE BOUTWOOD

The incorruptible tailor

continued from page 18

believing that they have swindled the downtrodden—who, I may say, live off the fat of the land by letting themselves be swindled.

It pleased me to observe that Mrs. X was under the impression that she had got her cloth from Rodier, Dormeuil Brothers and goodness knows who. Whereas she had the most appalling load of ersatz nonsense that ever passed into the hands of a sucker.

She said: "Make this excellent cloth up according to these exclusive patterns and I will pay you as I've said."

Now I told you my circumstances, which were not bright, but I said to her: "Madame, I am a poor man. Yet what I know I know. Here are the eyes and the fingers, but somewhere inside is the soul. The soul will not let the brain and the fingers put their life into rubbish. Because, humble tailor as I am, my life has gone into my work; this is sacred. It shall not go into such material as this."

"Fifty pounds," says this blonde woman.

"Try one thousand pounds and I will still say no," I say, "because the devil himself shall not buy the work of these fingers to put it into muck. Take it elsewhere."

But she only felt that I was holding out for mercenary reasons, and so she said: "Sixty pounds a costume!"

I said: "Go to So-and-So along the road, and he will do it for twenty pounds. And now, before you go away, remember that it is only a hyena or a jackal that puts his teeth into rotten stuff. I want your money, but I will not have it. Elsewhere—please go elsewhere. Take your rotten cloth out of my shop. Allow me to help you."

So, I helped the chauffeur with these lengths of rubbish with which she had been swindled, and I can tell you that she called me quite a few nice names. But that was not the end of that, because my wife—who had come to the shop for grocery money—had been listening.

Being a woman of extraordinary restraint, she had restrained herself during the conversation. She dropped that as soon as the shop door closed. Here we were, she screamed, about to be put into the street to beg.

Here was my numerous family. Here was she, and so ashamed, so terribly ashamed!

I said: "Ashamed? Woman, you should be ashamed of being ashamed! What? Would you be proud if your husband disgraced himself by putting the good into the bad?

"And as for the brats, let them shine shoes, let them sell newspapers."

This last was more than she could bear. She hit me on the head with a broomstick with such force that tears came into my eyes, and ran out of the shop to complain of my cruelty to her sister before going home.

And I can tell you that I felt pretty low. Many another man in my state of misery would have taken the easy way out.

The gas was not yet cut off, and a fur-cutting knife is quite as sharp as a razor.

But that is not Vara's style. I simply got angry instead, especially when the landlord came in and reminded me that the rent was considerably overdue, and the postman handed me three letters which even I had not the courage to open, because I was somewhat in debt for cloth and some other items.

I sat down and communed with my soul. Soon a familiar car drives up, and I think to myself, *If it is that woman again, I am just in the mood.* Then I hesitated, tempted by the devil, and I thought, *Anything for a little peace and quiet. I will do as she says.* But, praise the Lord, my true spirit revolted, and I said to myself: *No. Death rather than dishonour.*

I knew what I was going to get when I got home that night, but I steeled myself. However, there got out of the car not the blonde woman but a plump man of middle age, who came into the shop and said: "You are Vara?"

"I am Mr. Vara."

"I am Mr. X."

"I wish I could congratulate you."

"I hear you have insulted my wife."

I said: "No such luck. How can you insult a person of no sensibility? I merely threw her out of my shop because she wanted me to put good work into bad cloth. That's all."

Imagine my astonishment when this man begins to laugh, and he says something like this:

"Sir, I honour you for your integrity. My wife thinks she has a shrewd eye for a bargain, and she has been taken in by every smart aleck in Paris and Rome.

"Mr. Vara, you are a man of genius. I never saw a woman so broken in spirit. And yet," he says, looking about him, "I imagine that, not being in a large way of business, you couldn't afford to throw away that money?"

"I can't," I said.

"My tailor," says he, "is Tom, Dick and Harry"—excuse me, but I never mention real names—"in Savile Row, and I pay them a hundred pounds for a suit. I buy ten a year. Now what do you charge?"

I said: "Not having their overhead, eighty pounds."

"Get out your patterns and you can make me five, we'll see how they go."

I said to him: "They will go. I received my basic training at Schultz's. Schultz was a great man. He once threw King Edward VII out of his shop for criticizing the fit of a body coat."

He said irrelevantly: "You've heard of me, maybe? My name is X. I'm in the greeting-card line. My office is in Bond Street, and I've got a lot of friends. My recommendation goes a long way. You may not know it, but you did me a kind of favour today. Have a cigar! Now being in a small way of business, you can't give credit. I suggest I pay you in advance."

And out comes a cheque book.

So I made him five of the best suits he ever had, and have got a living from him and his friends ever since. So, you see? Here are your trousers. You had better let me make you a couple of suits.

I said: "As soon as I can afford them. What did you say the man's name was, Mr. Vara?"

He said: "I never mention names. What do you want me to do, stick autographed pictures of my clients in my window? Put up coats-of-arms? I charged Mr. X a little extra because he could afford it. But for a man of culture I would make a suit for forty pounds."

"As soon as I get round to it," I said, putting my trousers on. "And what did your wife say?"

"For the first time in twenty-five years she said nothing for fifteen minutes. Then she said she had told me so all along and that I was a fool not to have opened an establishment in Savile Row. . . . Well, think it over. Take your time."

I have been thinking it over and taking my time. But I am somewhat uneasy in my mind. I have met an eminent manufacturer of greeting cards, a plump man. I do not know him well enough to ask the name of his tailor, but he dresses in a peculiarly out-of-date Edwardian style and is the laughing stock of Bond Street. THE END

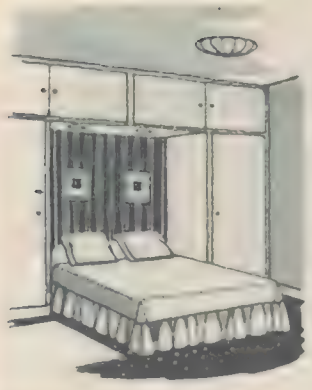
© *Gerald Kersh, 1958*

NEXT WEEK

The Teasing of Tarkington-Brown

Another laughter-maker

by CLIVE BURNLEY

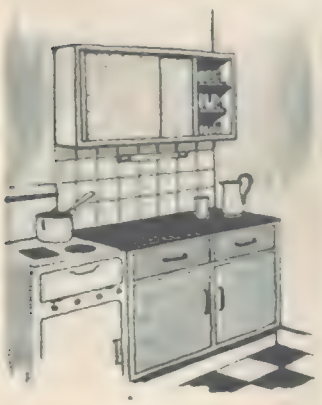


WALL OF CUPBOARDS

Made to Measure

Fitted furniture can make housework easier, save space and money. You can make it yourself or call in a handyman to carry out your ideas

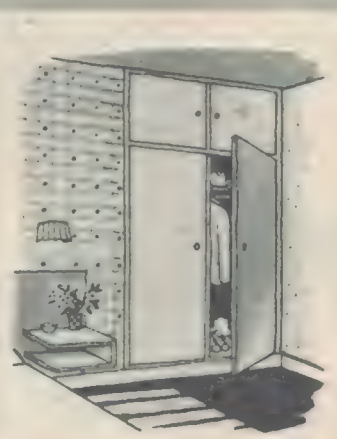
WINDOW SEAT



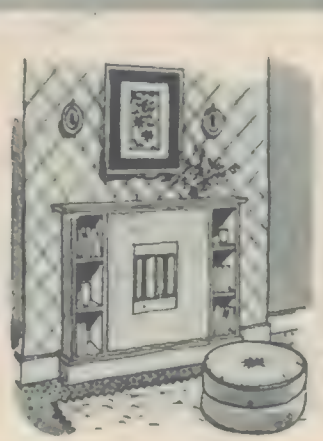
KITCHEN SHELVES

FITTED RECESS

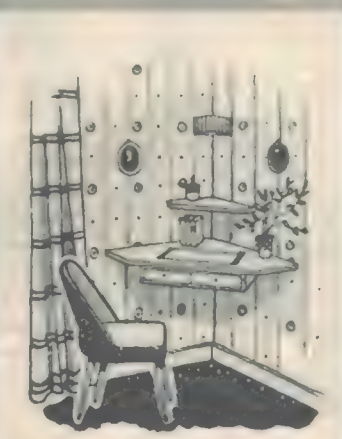
NEAT DRESSING-TABLE



BUILT-IN WARDROBE



RADIATOR FITMENT



CORNER PIECE

I HAVE never moved into a house with enough built-in cupboards. Years ago we sold our last movable wardrobe and life has since been a cupboard-building saga. For the first few weeks each new home looks like an eccentric dress agency, with family clothes festooned from picture rails and draped over furniture until Daddy gets round to building a few wardrobes.

Daddy has now got the process pretty well taped. If I leave nothing else for posterity I can at least look back on a long line of built-in fitments left in houses scattered over a dozen English counties.

There is a healthy tendency to build more furniture into new houses, but still not enough. In old houses the supply of fitted furniture is even more chancy.

It is very good business for furniture manufacturers and removal contractors when we buy big, handsome wardrobes, cupboards and chests. But it is not always such good business for us and is not even common sense.

Built-in fitments take up less space than movable furniture. They create fewer dust-traps because they are fitted snugly to walls, floors and ceiling. They don't need humping around when spring-cleaning time comes and they reduce your load when you move house.

Even if you get a professional carpenter to do the job, a built-in fitment is likely to work out cheaper than an equivalent piece in the furniture store. If you build it yourself the cost may be very low indeed.

For the amateur handyman with limited skill and large ambitions, fitted furniture is a fine starting-point. If you can fix a shelf, assemble a simple timber framework and make a firm plug fixing to a wall, you can make a wide range of built-in furniture.

Easy and handsome

Because the walls and floor provide your fitments with strength and rigidity you can build large, impressive and efficient units without using a single complicated joint.

Most fitted furniture looks its best with a facing of hardboard or plywood painted to match the surrounding colour scheme. This facing masks the framework of the fitment, which must be accurate and firmly anchored but need not be highly finished.

Wall plugging can be a simple job if you tackle it in the right way. If you don't, it can end in a wobbly fixing and a discouraging mess. Fibre plugs need a neat hole if the plug is to grip the wall firmly when it expands under pressure of the screw. But if the hole grows too big or the surrounding plaster crumbles and cracks, all is not lost. There are methods for dealing painlessly with these disasters.

You can make a hole for the plug with the hand tool supplied with wall-plugging outfits. This involves prolonged tap-tapping with a hammer which may drive you and your neighbours mad.

A neater and much more rapid method is the masonry bit fitted in an ordinary hand drill. This will make an accurate hole ten times as quickly. As an extra precaution stick a piece of adhesive plastic tape over the spot before drilling. This will prevent the surface plaster from crumbling and can be stripped off when the job is done. If, in spite of all precautions, the surface does crumble, drill deeper into the brickwork beneath and use a longer plug and fixing screw.

An alternative method of wall plugging, even simpler for the beginner, is to use a fibrous asbestos compound.

Drive it home

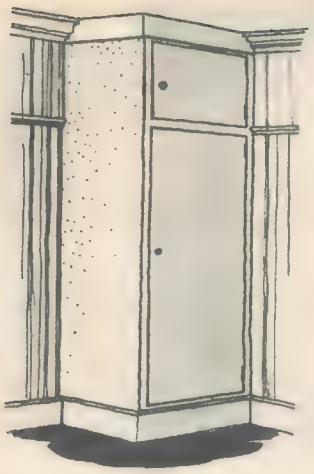
You drill a plug hole in the normal way; damp the compound, roll it into a plug in your palm and ram it into the hole with the special tool provided. With the other end of the tool you pierce a screw hole in the compound, insert the screw and drive it firmly home.

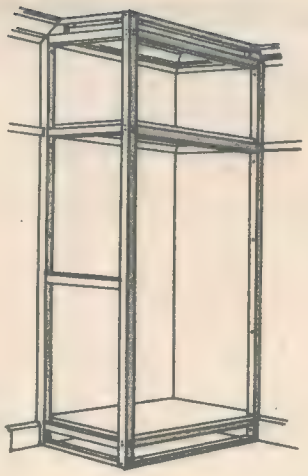
This compound can be a life-saver on walls with old or defective plaster which cracks away when drilled.

However bad the crack or gash, you can fill it efficiently with compound and carry on.

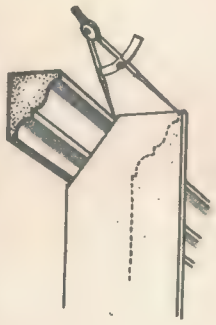
These fixing methods are for solid walls. If you have to deal with cavity walls, your drill will shoot through into space after making a hole in the surface skin of plaster or wall board. Fibre

Full-length fitment



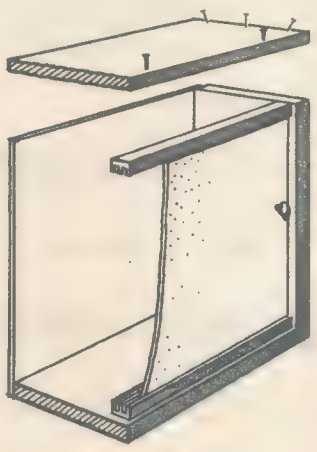


A floor-to-ceiling built-in wardrobe gives maximum accommodation in minimum space. The diagram (*left*) shows the simple framework of 1½-in. square timber needed for a fitment built into a corner or recess. The framework and doors are faced with hardboard. To fit the hardboard accurately to cornice and skirting, make a pattern of the moulding by tracing it with compasses (*right*)



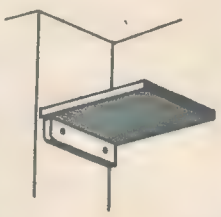
All-purpose recess

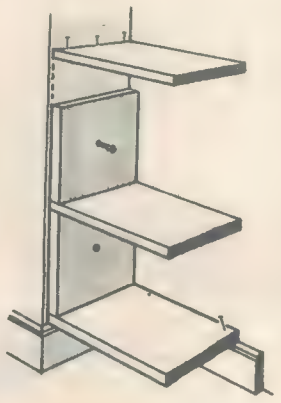
A recess formed by a projecting chimney breast or a disused doorway provides three ready-made sides for an endless variety of easy-to-make fitments. The recess on the left holds display and bookshelves, two cupboards, and a flap-front writing table. An arched pelmet is fixed across the top of the recess and papered to match the wall. Behind, flame-tinted lamps light up the glass and china display. The construction of these fitments consists only of shelves fixed across the recess with doors between. Detail on the right shows the sliding hardboard doors of the upper cupboard fitted into double track wood beading



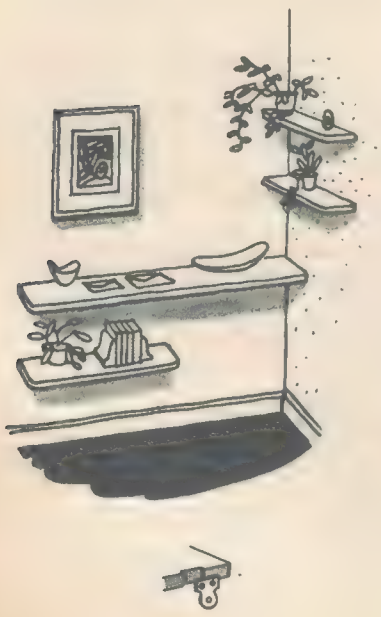
More shelving ideas

Here is a simpler treatment of a similar fireside recess, with shelves alone. The little corner shelves for the display of bric-à-brac add a touch of frivolity. The first detail drawing, *right*, shows the standard method of fixing shelves in a recess with supporting wall battens for each shelf. The second drawing shows a method I prefer for its neater finish and smaller amount of wall plugging used. The skirting board is used here to support the bottom shelf

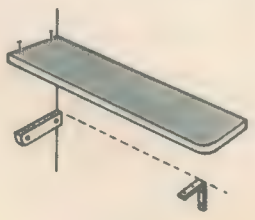




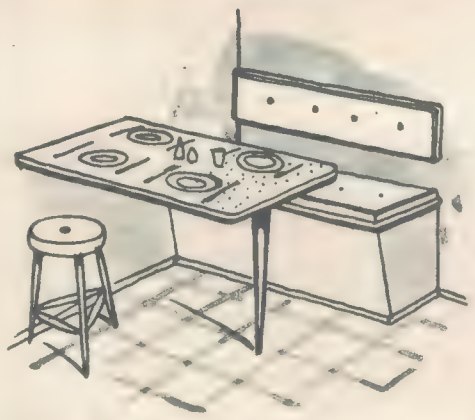
Decorative display corner



A random arrangement of shelves for displaying plants and treasures which can be designed to fit the objects you want to show and the wall space available. Diagrams show the method of fixing these shelves with battens and brackets. Mirror plate (*below*) replaces bracket for the shelf



Dining corner



Even tables and seats can be partially built-in. This dining table rests on a wall batten at one end and a single prefabricated leg at the other. The whole unit is assembled with seven screws. The framework of the cushioned box seat is screwed to the floor and walls, and faced with hardboard

plugs are useless in such a case, but plugging compound can be used if you first insert a "U" clip in the hole. This clip prevents the compound from slipping through into the wall cavity, and is adequate for fixing light articles. For fixings to carry heavier weights there is an ingenious device called the spring toggle which looks like a mechanical dragonfly. The body is a long bolt with spring-operated metal wings which can be folded flat for pushing through the hole drilled in the wall. The wings spring open inside the cavity and grip the wall firmly from behind when you tighten the bolt.

For walls with a cavity which is too narrow to allow the wings of the spring toggle to open, there is another device —a bolt with a tough rubber sleeve in one end of which a metal nut is bedded. Push the bolt through the hole in the wall, and as you tighten it, the rubber sleeve will be squeezed up into a flange which locks the device firmly in position.

The wall fixing devices described here were illustrated in "Handyman Guide 10" (JOHN BULL ILLUSTRATED for November 22). Full details can be obtained from the manufacturers, The Rawlplug Company Ltd., Cromwell Road, London, S.W.7, and Philplug Products Ltd., 343 High Road, Wembley, Middlesex.

Where to fix it

With one or other of these methods you can fix wall battens to carry shelves or table tops or firmly anchor the framework of a cupboard fitment. The walls themselves will provide one, two or three sides of your fitment according to whether you build on a flat wall, in a corner or in a recess. The recess formed by a projecting chimney breast provides a splendid site for a whole range of easily made fitments—cupboards and wardrobes in bedrooms, bookshelves, writing tables, record storage racks and display shelves in living-rooms, fitted cupboards in kitchens.

A whole kitchen of floor-to-ceiling fitments may seem too big a project to the inexperienced handyman. This problem can be solved by using prefabricated, self-assembly kitchen units. These units arrive ready cut and jointed with detailed instructions for assembly and finishing. Although the furniture is designed in standard unit sizes it is quite possible for the enterprising handyman to adapt it to fit the wall space available or to build it in even where there are projections or irregular wall shapes to be dealt with.

Home-assembly units

The makers of the Ingle Kits series of kitchen furniture include in their instruction sheet information on ways of adapting the units for use as built-in furniture. This use of home-assembly furniture is a time and money-saving operation. It provides the amateur craftsman with a means of rapidly producing furniture with a professional finish for about half the cost of the same piece bought in the furnishing store.

In one house I arranged with the builder to incorporate in the structure every item of furniture which could be treated as a built-in fitment. When the house was finished the only freestanding furniture needed to complete the scheme were chairs, beds and occasional tables. This was rather overdoing it and made the whole scheme too rigid. But it did show that the practical possibilities of built-in furniture are almost limitless.

ROGER SMITHELLS WILL HELP YOU

with your home-making problems. Write to him at "John Bull Illustrated," 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for a reply

Why Jo Douglas uses New Persil for all her wash

Whites whiter! Jo Douglas, popular television and stage star and producer, always uses *New* Persil for her white clothes and linen. It washes so much whiter. No worries about wearing white—the most fashionable colour—when *New* Persil's in the house. (Cotton dress by Sambo.)

Coloureds bright! Jo wears a hand-printed cotton dress, one of many she has to have for constant stage and TV appearances. *New* Persil's thorough cleansing-power shifts every scrap of dirt — keeps coloured things true and clear. (Dress by Rembrandt.)

Fine things fresh! *New* Persil's rich lather is so gentle to fine things. It's kept this nylon negligée and nightdress fresh and filmy, soft to the touch. Jo Douglas always treats her fine fabrics to a regular *New* Persil wash and they *stay* lovely. (Lingerie by Taylor-Woods.)

Woollens softer! She's snug and warm in a smart, classic twin-set. *New* Persil is so kind to woollens—it keeps them softer than ever. That 'Terylene' and worsted skirt retains its knife-sharp pleats with a regular *New* Persil wash, too. (St. Michael twin-set and skirt by Marks and Spencer.)

PER 1467-10707

KEEP THIS

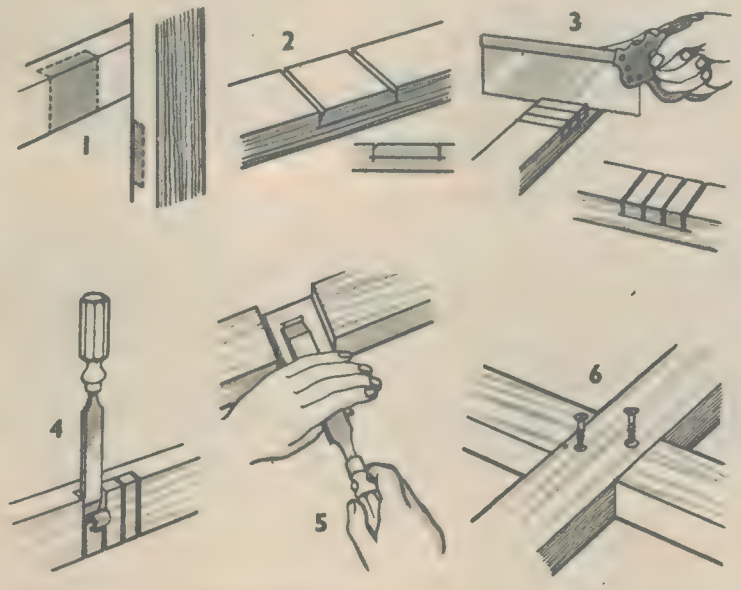
Here is another guide for handymen devised by Roger Smithells to help you pick the right methods and materials for your jobs around the house.

Handyman Guide 20

How to make

CROSS HALVING JOINTS

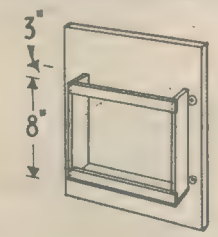
The cross halving and T halving joints, as well as the halving joint, are necessary on jobs that require framing. The principles in making them both are the same, the only difference being that in the T halving joint, one piece is cut as for an end halving and the other as for a cross halving joint.

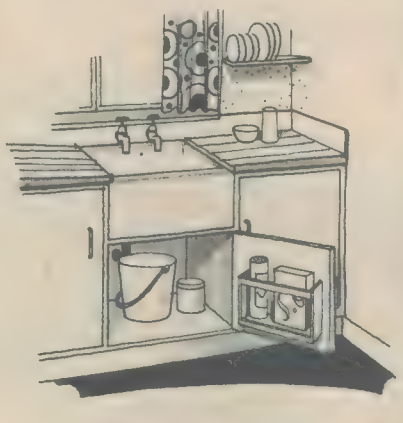


Marking out the pieces of wood for a cross halving joint is done in the same way as for an end halving joint (Handyman Guide 19). **1.** The pieces to be cut are marked out. **2.** As an aid to accurate cutting, chisel a shallow groove on the waste side of the marking out lines. This will save time in the long run, and help to ensure an accurate joint. Take care when sawing, to keep the saw upright, and not to cut past the gauge line on the side of the piece of wood. **3.** It makes removal of the waste wood very much easier if you make several saw cuts in it. This way, the wood can be cut out in smaller pieces, reducing the danger of splitting. **4.** Hold the piece of wood firmly in a vice for removing the waste. Start near the edge, chipping pieces out, and work down to the gauge line. With soft woods it will probably be possible to do this by thumping the handle of the chisel with your open hand, but with harder woods it may be necessary to use a mallet. **5.** Final smoothing off should be done by paring with the chisel, flat side to the wood. Finish by removing any high points by a slight slicing movement of the chisel. The two parts should be a tight fit, without needing to be forced. Fix with glue and countersunk screws, in the positions shown in diagram 6.

It's an idea

A RACK FOR THE PACKETS





Bulky detergent packets and tins of scouring powder often waste valuable space on draining-boards or clutter up the kitchen windowsill, where they are in constant danger of being knocked over. To dodge these troubles Mr. A. Restell, of 17 Devonshire Avenue, Southsea, Hants, fixes a rack inside one of the doors of a sink fitment, where the packets are always safe, handy and out of the way when not in use. His idea wins this week's guinea prize.

Send your bright idea, with a rough drawing where possible, to Roger Smithells, "John Bull Illustrated," 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. One guinea will be paid for each idea published

The young man with a flying start

continued from page 6

large sums so that they can eventually retire on half pay.

"If a chap wants to take a gamble . . . if he wants to shove everything he's got into a little garage, say, or go off and write poetry in the Sahara, well why not? If he's not bothered about a pension or a medical service, that's his lookout, isn't it?

"There's this excessive paternalism of the State. I'll tell you where that should be directed. To youth clubs. Oh, I know it doesn't sound frightfully exciting. But it's very important. You know, a boy leaves school at fifteen or sixteen and finds himself in some dim, dreary job. Nobody's ever done much to help in that in-between period. That's when the State needs to take an interest in the form of youth clubs. Then maybe we wouldn't have so many delinquents and young 'angries'."

Youth against things

"Why do you think there are so many in your generation in particular?"

"It's a kind of breakdown of values. Younger people don't want to be committed. The previous generation was caught up in isms, and the isms didn't work. So today young people don't want to know. They're just *against* things. They opt out of society."

"What's the answer, apart from youth clubs?"

"We've got to get back to the individual. We've got to stop being dogmatic about ideas. There's no one big idea, like Marxism or Socialism or Fascism, that's going to make everybody happy. People aren't like that. But these young 'angries'—they only know what they're against. They don't know what they're for."

"Would you say they were representative of your generation?"

"Far from it. They make the noise, but there are far more of *us* who try to think the thing through to find out what we want."

I asked what else he wanted, apart from politics.

"Oh, dozens of things. I'd like to go to Washington for a year or two as a correspondent. I'd like to get a first-class television programme of my own."

"What do you think of the programme you're in at the moment, *Panorama*, and your colleagues Richard Dimbleby and Woodrow Wyatt?"

"*Panorama's* got a good formula. We've not had a particularly brilliant run lately. Richard, of course, is very fine, very smooth, the most accomplished performer of the lot. Woodrow?" Chataway sounded a shade muted about Woodrow. "I think he's very good. His great ability is for getting a central question out of a complicated issue. There's certainly no one to touch him at putting a brutal question. But the real dark horse, you know, is Robert Kee. He's sprung up magnificently. He's the one to watch. He'll do great things."

"How about your own performance?"

Bit of a plodder

Chataway pondered, blinking his sandy eyelashes and staring closely at his unique legs over the arm of the chair. "It's a difficult one to answer. I've been called naïve, brash, offensive, timid. About brashness—that's a trap one falls into. If you're questioning a character of some importance and you happen to look fairly young, it's difficult to frame a question that's direct without being brash. Still, one tries. I think I'm a bit of a plodder, you know."

"Hard-working and methodical?"

"Certainly not methodical. I'm too badly organized. I wish I could organize myself a bit more. Oh, in all kinds of ways. Private letters go unanswered. I'm too casual in arrangements."

"Will a wife organize you better?"

Chataway laughed. "The one I've chosen will," he told me. "Anna's great stuff."

"Will you be living here?"

"No. We'll have to find a flat somewhere—preferably near Waterloo Station so that she can make a dive for the train."

"What about the house—will your mother carry on here?"

"I don't know. I don't know," Chataway said, a shade sombrely. "It's up to her. I expect she'll stay on for a bit. Nothing's been decided yet. It all happened very quickly. We only decided to get married a couple of days after Christmas."

"Just what is it you want out of life?"

Chataway grinned. "I can tell you that very simply. As a matter of fact the father of a friend of mine wrote down a few lines on the subject as he saw it. This is what he says." He unfolded a sheet of paper, and pointed to one paragraph. It read: "The four best things I have found in the world are knowledge, money, kindness, fun. If I have increased these then my life has had some value."

"I'd say that was particularly good and true," Chataway said. "Especially the bit about money. That's very shrewd.

"When people say what they want out of life they often forget how enjoyable it is to have money to spend."

There was only one other question I wanted to ask Chataway. People who should know had told me that if his work had allowed him to train properly before the Melbourne Olympics he would very likely have won a gold medal (instead of coming in an ignominious also-ran). I mentioned this to him, and said: "Do you regret so pacing your life that television interfered with your running while you might still have achieved this unique distinction?"

Chataway thought about it seriously. He said at last: "No, I don't regret it. You've got to look at your life as a whole. Just at that particular time when I went into television they were prepared to take a chance with me. I'd never have got in otherwise. What I do regret is that I didn't give up running in October, 1954, after I beat Kuts. I was at my best then. After that it was a bit of a grind. Psychologically I was finished with it. I knew I was after something else."

Recollecting that he was still after something else, Chataway looked at his watch.

He had an article to write for the Bow Group, he said, and also a few letters to tidy up. After that there was a spot of constituency work at Lewisham; a fairly average day.

Outside in the street, not a single nanny was in sight. Dusk was falling, the lamps lit, the Christopher Robins all doubtless away at their prayers. Along both sides of the street the handsome front rooms had sprung to life for the cocktail hour, and at the far end a few cars nosed out towards the West End and London's night life. De Vere Gardens was warming up.

In the house with the small-paned windows, the downstairs room was already in darkness. Upstairs a single light went on. The not-so-*terribly*-angry young man who knows what he wants out of life was already back at work. Not much time these days for the bright lights; and marriage was only a few weeks off.

THE END

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The men who wouldn't talk

They knew why the Phoenix had crashed; knew that Gort's name could be cleared. Why then would no one admit it?

"You've discovered something, haven't you?" Charlotte asked Dallas. "Something new about the Phoenix"

It was almost identical with the first, that second crash of a Phoenix airliner—Britain's latest jet. Both planes crashed on take-off from Ranjibad . . . and both were piloted by George Gort. But Gort died in the second crash. . . .

The verdict of the inquiry into the first accident was "pilot error." Hugh Dallas, International Airways' Training Captain, had little doubt that the second inquiry would return the same verdict. Yet Dallas had recently checked Gort's flying and found him perfectly safe. He could not understand it.

It was the Phoenix route inspector, Clive Judd, who gave the most damaging testimony. He recalled that Gort had once clipped a hedge while coming in at Calcutta—when the plane landed some thorny vegetation was found caught round the wheels. Later Judd implied that Dallas's judgment as an instructor was in question.

Shocked and disturbed, Dallas tried to comfort Gort's daughter, Charlotte. He was in love with her. But Charlotte, with a fierce belief in her father's infallibility, insisted that he tell her how the inquiry was going. . . .

Miserably, Dallas licked dry lips. "I think they'll blame him," he said.

He was still very unhappy about the whole thing when he went on the route again. The disaster was weighing heavily on his mind when he came in to land at Ranjibad. . . .

FINAL INSTALMENT

HUGH DALLAS eased the nose of the Phoenix down. Through the windscreen in front of him he could just see Ranjibad, a huddle of yellow houses and tall towers and, beyond it to the east, the great grey cross made by the two intersecting runways of the airport.

His face to the other three men in the cockpit remained the same efficient mask. His eyes stared ahead—looking out for other aircraft, studying the best way to descend. But behind this glazing that his job demanded was the same ache that had been there since the second Phoenix crash.

That he might have been in part responsible remained a gnawing reproach to him. The shock of discovering at the inquiry the company's apparent distrust of him as the training captain had begun to make him have doubts of his own judgment.

AFTERWARDS, he had gone for Judd bitterly: Judd who sat now, with Manningham gone sick, where he had always wanted to sit, in the fleet superintendent's chair.

Why wasn't he told that Bateson, his assistant, was going to do the second check on Gort? Blandly, he was informed that there wasn't time before the accident, and after it the best thing to do was to hush it up. . . .

"Do you want the field approach check, sir?"

"The field approach check?" He turned his head to look at the first officer beside him. "Might as well . . . yes."

Lower now, he circled the airfield. It was the same sort of glorious sweep there had always been on a Phoenix. Just as expertly as ever before, he performed his checks, kept the Phoenix steady and level as he glided down to the runway, touched down just as smoothly. But there was not the triumph taxi-ing up to the ramp that there had been.

The passengers disembarked. Mr. Robinson, the Anglo-Indian manager at Ranjibad, stood in the shade of the operations room, waiting for him.

"Good trip, Captain?" The same

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

Judd half-rose. "You say I hit the hedge on take-off," he said. "I am beginning to think, Dallas, that I don't like your attitude . . ."

sing-song voice was as polite as ever.

"Not bad," Dallas said. Together, they walked into Operations where Dallas was greeted by Creighton, the relieving pilot, and the serviceability of the aircraft was inquired after.

His crew disappeared in the crew car to the Imperial Hotel, but Dallas stayed behind. He watched Creighton take-off. And then, going into the manager's office, where Mr. Robinson was now working on receipts and future bookings, he said: "D'you mind if I go over there . . . to have a look?"

Mr. Robinson's sad, brown eyes regarded him with complete understanding. "Of course not, Captain. I'll just get permission from control . . . then I'll take you in my car."

Where Dallas wanted to go was the end of the runway where the Phoenix had crashed and Gort had died. When he got there he stood for a time looking at the solitary wide tyre track that led off the tarmac into a mixture of gravel and sand.

Mr. Robinson pointed unnecessarily. "You can see the marks quite clearly, Captain."

"And the other marks? The tracks of the first accident?"

Mr. Robinson shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, they've gone, Captain. They were never so clear. The rain——"

"Were they like these?"

"Very similar. Not so deep, perhaps. That time, of course, the aircraft stopped more quickly."

Dallas moved on into the desolate no-man's-land beyond. Mr. Robinson stayed where he was.

The rut made by Gort's starboard wheel had the familiar diamond-shape tread of the Phoenix tyre. The pattern abruptly disappeared three or four yards beyond the runway where Gort had apparently tried to stop. For the next eighteen yards the ruts became very deep as, at a high-speed skid, the tyres dug deeper down. Then there was a huge gap in the hedge leading on to a narrow country road. On the other side was a kind of sandy heath, covered with sparse thorny bushes, marram grass and scrub.

Where Dallas stopped now the ground was black. There was desolation all around him. To the right was the rough stone outhouse which Gort's starboard wing had hit. Nearby, were houses and mud huts, and those were untouched.

DALLAS did not know what he expected to find here. It had all been made quite plain at the inquiry: where the brakes had gone on, how the aircraft had overshot the road, where the right wing had severed after collision with the outhouse. Yes, it was exactly as they had said.

He turned and started to walk towards the airfield. He was back on the overrun of the runway, walking through the gap made by the aircraft, when for some reason he turned his eyes to the left and saw it growing there: grey-green, thorny, with tiny leaves as sharp as spines—the cluster of vegetation that formed the sparse hedge.

Recognizing it for sure, he pulled some out and walked over to the station manager. In a voice of subdued excitement he said: "Look at this. What is it . . . d'you know?"

Mr. Robinson knew. He knew it well, scholar that he was, but he was not interested.

"It's a type of euphorbia, Captain."

"Common in India?"

"Round here . . . it is not uncommon."

"It would grow in . . . say Calcutta, then?" Dallas persisted.

"Calcutta? Oh no, Captain . . . I shouldn't think so. Calcutta is green. A lot of rainfall." His face showed surprise at such questions. "This type only grows in hot, dry climates. Like a cactus." And then, as Dallas took out a handkerchief and started wrapping up his piece of vegetation: "Why, what's the matter, Captain?"

"Nothing. I just want it . . . that's all."

* * *

Standing at the window of his office at London Airport, Captain Judd watched the Singapore service slow to a halt. He counted the passengers—not a bad load, considering—and then, a few minutes later, he recognized the crew as they disembarked: the radio officer first, then the navigator, followed by the first officer. Lastly, Dallas.

He had known perfectly well that it was Dallas bringing Victor Delta in, but all the same, when he saw him, a frown came over his forehead. Dallas was somehow a reminder, a relic left over from a different régime.

Judd walked back to his desk, thinking of the expansion of the training section that would soon be necessary. That in itself was an excellent thing. A one-man band was undesirable.

There was a knock on his door, and Dallas came in, taking off his uniform cap.

"Well, well," Judd said. "The very man himself!"

SEATING himself in the chair near the desk, Dallas said: "I've been thinking about that route-checking trip you made." He clicked open the brass catch of his brief-case. "You did the take-off ex-Ranjibad to Calcutta, didn't you?"

Judd gave a slight wince. In a reproving voice, he said: "Look, Hugh . . . all that's done with."

"Is it? I'm not so sure." Dallas paused. "It was a hot night wasn't it? Hot and dark?"

"I expect it was." Judd shrugged. "Usually is in August, isn't it? I can't really remember."

"And you were pretty heavy, weren't you?"

"Now that you come to mention it . . . I think we were." He got out a packet of cigarettes and lit one. "But what's all this——"

"Did you notice anything particular about that take-off?"

"No." Judd drew in a deep lungful

A WORD OF ADVICE TO WEARERS OF FALSE TEETH

Any Dentist will tell you that after extractions your gums gradually continue to change shape. However well made, your denture may become loose and suction fails to keep it in place at all times. A plate which is loose or rocks, or drops when chewing, talking or laughing destroys self-confidence and often causes shyness.

A denture fixative like Dr. Wernet's Powder is the answer to these embarrassing moments. Dr. Wernet's is a hygienic tasteless powder recommended by Dentists all over the world. You simply sprinkle it on your plate every morning and for the rest of the day you can forget your teeth. Wernet's holds the denture firm and comfortable and prevents any soreness of the gums. You can eat what you like, laugh and talk without fear.

Why suffer mouth discomfort another day when you can prove the amazing difference Dr. Wernet's Powder makes. Get a tin from your chemist to-day.

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NAME

ADDRESS

Cone of silence

continued from previous page

of smoke and leaned back in his chair. "Why?"

"You used a lot of runway?"

"Heavy. Hot." Judd stretched. "Of course we did."

"You haven't by any chance got that bit of hedge you brought back from Calcutta, have you?"

"The hedge Gort hit? Good God, no!" Judd laughed. "What the hell d'you think we are? A botanical museum?"

"Pity!" Dallas opened up the leather flap of his brief-case. "Anyway, I've brought you some more of it." He laid the thin, grey-green stalk on the desk. "It's a type of euphorbia."

Judd put out his hand and lifted it up to look at it. "Interesting."

DALLAS leaned forward. "Yes, it is. Because it's not from Calcutta. It's from the hedge at Ranjibad."

"Well?"

"The hedge at Calcutta is a kind of privet. Very green. This stuff"—he indicated it—"only grows in sandy soils."

Very carefully, Judd put his cigarette down on the tin ashtray. "You say I hit the hedge on take-off."

"That's what I reckon."

"I am beginning to think, Dallas," Judd said slowly, "that I don't like your attitude."

They stared at each other across the desk, and Judd added: "Since you're harping on the hedge business . . . you'll remember nothing was done about it. Gort wasn't blamed."

"Convinced Manningham of the need for another check."

"Then it's a pity it didn't happen earlier. Might have——" Judd stopped. He rubbed his hand over his eyes. "Oh hell, let's forget it."

Dallas said: "I'm not trying to make an issue of this. I'm worried because the thing that damned Gort most was that nobody else had trouble taking-off. And now . . . *this.*" Dallas pointed to the coil of vegetation. "You had a near-miss . . . I'm certain. What I'd like to know is, how many more have there been?"

"The pilots——"

"Never report near misses . . . you know that. Sometimes they don't even know they've had 'em. I'm worried, I tell you. I'm afraid it's going to happen again."

"For God's sake——" Judd looked sharply at the open window, as though he was apprehensive that Dallas's words would float down to the busy mêlée of men and machines below. "*Everybody* knows it was Gort's fault."

"Not me."

"Well . . . what happened, then?"

Dallas hesitated. Then he said: "I don't know."

"There you are, you see." Judd said triumphantly. "There's no getting away from it . . . everything's been tested and tested again. Atlas has got everything weighed up. But if you're worried . . . why don't you go along to Atlas? Have a chat with Pickering?"

"I think I might," Dallas said.

But that could wait a little. He wanted to see Charlotte. . . .

QUIGGAN SQUARE was deserted. It was almost dusk. He climbed the stairs and rang the bell. Charlotte opened the door, a half-smile already on her face. When she saw Dallas she stepped back and said: "Oh . . . it's you."

Then he saw that behind her the hall was empty. The carpet had been rolled up. There were no pictures on the wall.

"Come in a moment," she said, watching his face. "I'm sorry it's all rather a mess."

Dallas said: "I thought I'd just pop in and——"

"Nice of you," she said, without looking at him. "As you see, though"—she waved her hand around. "You'd better come into the kitchen. I can't offer you a drink, but I can make some tea."

He followed her through the lounge, cavernous now in the twilight. The light was on in the kitchen and the checked curtains were drawn.

"Charlotte," he said, "what's happening? Where are you going?"

"I'm moving." She waved at the stacked-up furniture outside. "I couldn't stay here."

He nodded. "But where are you going?"

She played with the lid of the kettle. "I've got a bed-sitter in Notting Hill Gate. There's a little kitchen attached, too, so I'll keep all this. But of course a lot of things . . ." she pretended that she had burned her finger on the kettle. "Ouch, that was hot!" She smiled apologetically. There were tears in her eyes.

There were two long rings on the doorbell. Charlotte made an effort to compose herself. "That's the storage men," she said. "I've been expecting them all afternoon."

Dallas stayed in the kitchen, sitting on the table, while the flat filled with the shuffling sounds of heavy feet and the thuds of moving furniture. Once Charlotte came in and poured two cups of tea and took them out to the men. He didn't stir until the front door closed finally behind them, and Charlotte's feet—unwillingly it seemed, dragging a little—came back to the kitchen.

He went across to the stove, put more hot water in the teapot. Then he poured out a cup and slid it over the table to her, without glancing across. He heard her sobbing.

He went to her and put his arm around her shoulders. He said: "Charlotte . . . you've got to put all that behind you now."

"I'm sorry about behaving like this. I haven't done it before."

"You must try to forget it. These things happen. A pilot knows he runs a slightly added risk."

SHE said: "I know that. After thirty-one years—so did he!" She clasped her hands around her knees, leaning slightly back, her voice momentarily softening. "But, somehow, I always trusted Father to——" She bit her lip. With a curious, thick, angry choke she went on: "I know if it was humanly possible he'd come through all right. And now—to have him blamed, too!" She banged her fists on her knees. "To make the same mistake twice, he looks such a fool. And he wasn't at all. He was a great man—yes, a *great* man! I can't bear it for him. They've no right to blame him——"

"Charlotte, Charlotte." He tried to take her hands, shocked at the rage on her face. "If he was blamed, then I'm to blame, too. I checked him out. I said he was all right."

He had a sudden urge to tell her about the hedge, of his own vague suspicions and dissatisfactions. But he had nothing really to offer her—no proof. All he could say was: "The inquiry held him responsible."

"It *wasn't* him. Look!" She suddenly pulled out the drawer of the table. "I was going to throw them away—but look at them. Graphs of everything in the house. Gas, electricity, coal consumption! It was the same with bills, accounts. He *believed* in graphs." She stopped for breath. "Oh, what's the use? You don't believe me, do you?"

HE rubbed his forehead. "I do, Charlotte. At least, I want to. Trouble is the only way to explain it seems that he did something wrong. Something that wasn't in the book."

"No—no. If he did something wrong"—her mouth trembled and then set in a childish, unreasonable stubbornness—"it was because the book was wrong."

Her utter ignorance of anything technical, her lack of logic was typical, and to Dallas the book was sacrosanct, almost part of a religion. He said sharply: "You don't know what you're talking about." Then irritation was swallowed in a painful wash of tenderness. "Forget it now, Charlotte. Give it a rest."

"All right," she said slowly. "I won't say any more now." She looked up to give him a rather sweet, conciliatory smile.

He looked at his watch and stood up uncertainly. "I don't like to leave you."

"Oh, I'm fine." She began to lead the way across the hall, down the beam of light from the open kitchen door. "It was kind of you to come."

Dallas said: "Have lunch with me tomorrow?" And when she hesitated: "That's fixed. I'll pick you up. Here?"

"No. Not here. I'll be gone by then."

"Well, come round to my flat when you're ready. Here!" He brought out an old envelope from his pocket and tore off the address. "It's easy to find. The new flats by Olympia. It doesn't matter how late. There's a restaurant there. We can get lunch any time."

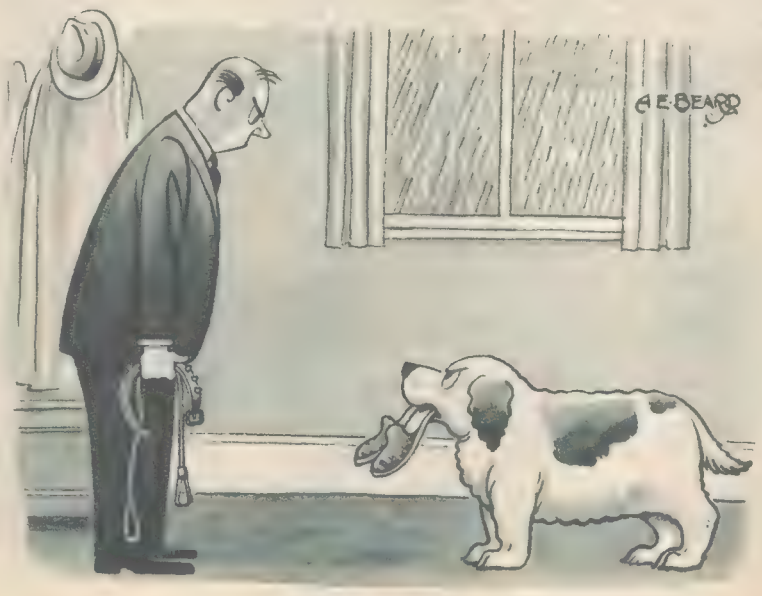
As though she was too tired to argue, she said: "Thank you. That would be nice."

She stood in the doorway of the flat, watching him go down the stairs. He didn't turn round to wave, but he heard the soft click of the door as he turned the corner out of sight.

He crossed the pavement, feeling a mild, soft drizzle on his face. The book couldn't be wrong. How could it? He'd taught all the pilots on just that take-off technique. He'd had no trouble. They'd had no trouble.

But had they? He knew enough of the pilot mind to realize that they shut out near-misses, avoided as far as they could the very smell of trouble.

Dallas got into the car, started the engine, turned on the windscreen wipers impatiently, as though they could swish and slice their way through the mist in his mind. Big jet aircraft were new, and all new things had odd tricks and unforecasted characteristics that only



time disclosed. All aeroplanes had their teething troubles. And that was it. Something had happened that no one had thought of.

Something to do with the book.

It *must* be the combination of a full load and a very hot temperature. What was all right for one climate wasn't for another. What if, given that such a take-off was marginal, there was some small factor that had been overlooked?

His mind returned to that piece of hedge which proved that there had at least been one near-miss on take-off. He felt the sudden exhilaration of discovery.

* * *

At the other end of the line, the operations officer's voice came back with crisp, first-thing-in-the-morning efficiency. "Yes, Captain Dallas—of course. The names of the Phoenix captains on stand-off now are Bateson, Creighton, Knight. Phone numbers? Yes sir. I'll read them out. Do you want Captain Braddock's as well?"

Dallas wrote the numbers down carefully on the paper in front of him. When the operations officer had rung off, he started to call them up, one after the other. And there he ran into difficulties.

Creighton was out for the day. Knight was up in Yorkshire. Bateson —a number in Surrey. Braddock had just gone out. Dallas left a message asking him to contact him.

He opened his desk and pulled out his Phoenix manuals. In his bookcase were

SOLDIERS—2

I never expect a soldier to think.

Bernard Shaw

a couple of books on aerodynamics. He brought them out and pored over them. From time to time he glanced at the silent phone on his lounge table.

When there was a knock on his door, he bounded across the carpet and flung it open. He had forgotten that he had invited Charlotte. She stood in the doorway shyly. Her cheeks were reddened with the wind outside. She was still wearing her coat and gloves. When she saw him hesitate, she smiled. "May I come in? You asked me, you know."

Dallas took a sherry over to her and sat opposite her on a low stool, swirling his own drink around in his hand.

CHARLOTTE heard the knock on the door before he did. "So you *were* expecting someone else." She smiled, watching him walk across the lounge to open it. He was keeping his fingers crossed that it was Braddock.

It was, red-faced, good humoured and not indisposed for a drink and a talk. Dallas introduced him to Charlotte.

After they had settled down again, Dallas asked Braddock how many Phoenix take-offs he had done.

Braddock rubbed his head. "Couple of dozen, I suppose."

"How many of those on the route?"

"Three altogether."

"Any from Ranjibad?"

Braddock shook his head. "Watched plenty, though."

"How many?"

Braddock grinned. "Now you're asking. Haven't you heard of me? I'm the bod that never finishes his training."

Dallas didn't smile back. "Notice anything about them?"

"Why, yes," Braddock drew on his cigarette. "Nothing much though. A trick some of them have." He eased the ash off his cigarette with scrupulous care. "They don't all do it. Knight doesn't. I don't think Ford——"

"What do they do?"

"Two things really," Braddock said. "First—the nosewheel. They keep it on the ground well after seventy-five knots."

The drawled words, lobbed quietly across the table, burst into Dallas's mind like exploding shells. Hoping for them, half expecting them, nevertheless they filled him now with a curious horror.

"And the unstick speed," Braddock went on. "They calculate it from the graph, all right, and normally they use it to become airborne. But——"

"When it's really hot, and they're very heavy, they add seven or eight knots to it?"

"Why, yes." Braddock looked uncomfortable. "That's about it."

"Must use a lot more runway."

"Well—yes."

"And the nosewheel on the ground so long. Must give the cockpit a terrific shaking."

Braddock grinned. "Real rattletrap."

Dallas stared down at the carpet. Suddenly the solution of the riddle of Gort's two fatal take-offs was beginning to unfold in front of him. He pressed his hands against his head. But why was the book take-off wrong? What happened exactly to the aircraft at maximum all-up weight in very hot temperatures?

BRADDOCK said: "Hope I haven't been talking out of turn. You know, when you're new, how you pick up things on the route——" He drank his beer, and put down the empty glass.

"Another drink?" Dallas said.

"Thanks, no. I better be getting along." He stood up. "Unless there's anything else?"

"No," Dallas said. "That's the lot."

"And there's no question really of breaking any rules." Braddock seemed worried now at the cold, withdrawn expression on Dallas's face. "It's just——"

"Individual technique," Dallas said dryly.

"Is the book wrong?"

"Tell you about it later."

Braddock took this as his cue to start moving. He shook hands with Charlotte. "See you again sometime, I hope."

In the doorway, Dallas said: "When are you out again, Dick? Next week? Pop in and see me before you go, eh?"

He closed the door slowly, to give himself time to think before coming back into the lounge. But before he could say anything, Charlotte had got up from the sofa and was putting on her gloves. "I'll go, then."

He looked at her in surprise. "What d'you mean?"

"Something's up. I can tell. Funny" —she looked at him sadly—"but I *know* you. I can tell things about you. You don't want to have lunch with me, do you? Not now."

He hesitated. "It's just—well, I thought of going over to Atlas. I rather want to see Pickering."

"You've discovered something, haven't you? Something new about the Phoenix you didn't know before?"

"Not exactly discovered." He smiled at her ruefully. "But there's something Pickering should know."

"Then we'll have lunch together some other time." She moved over to the door. She said quietly: "You'll tell me sometime, won't you?"

"Of course I will. As soon as I know more about it myself." He stopped. "Look, about lunch, I do feel——"

But she already had the door open. Seeing that her mind was made up, he said: "Anyway, I'll come down with you. I've got the car outside."

He dropped her in Kensington High Street. He would phone her, he said.

ALL the eighteen miles to the factory airfield, Dallas was turning over in his mind the extraordinary news that Braddock had told him. That there was something more behind it was obvious. Something to do with the lift of the wing. He would ask Pickering. One thing that must be straightened out immediately was the take-off technique.

The triangular wing — obviously there was less lift in the tips. But what if there was something else connected with those two sharp angles? He remembered reading in a journal only a few weeks ago that swept-back wings might have a tip-stalling tendency. Any sort of stalling tendency meant less lift, and less lift might well mean the difference between a very heavy aircraft staying on the ground or rising into the air. Especially on a hot night, when

BE PROUD OF YOUR HOME
by ROGER SMITHELLS

Value no object

Staffordshire dalmatian, 25s.

Collecting china on the cheap makes an amusing hobby — decorative too

COLLECTING is second nature to most of us. We start with cigarette cards or model aeroplanes on the back of breakfast cereal packets until the squirrel instinct is well established. Some of us do it unconsciously, making secret hoards of brown paper, string or drawing-pins, under the mistaken impression that they will come in handy. But most of us collect with

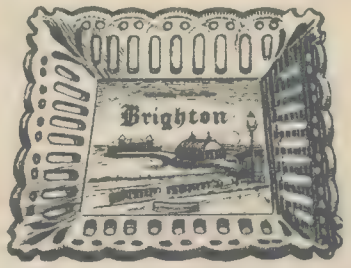
White Staffordshire dog, 20s.

all our wits about us, and get a lot of fun out of building up a collection of stamps, flower prints or paperweights.

One of my personal weaknesses is china ornaments. These are things which come in every possible price range, and which you can get pleasure from collecting, whether you are rich or poor. China ornaments are almost always decorative and look well in any setting. You can excuse any small extravagance in buying them, with the thought that one or two will make very useful wedding or birthday presents when the occasion arises.

Luckily for us, everyone outside Great Britain seems to value our china more than we do. For this reason, there are inexpensive pieces to be picked up in every town and village.

If you are thinking of starting or continuing a collection, your best plan



Souvenir sweet dish, 7s. 6d.

is to specialize. A dozen or so figurines may be quite valuable, where one or two are not. And if, like me, it's not value but fun and interest you are after, don't worry about pieces that are slightly chipped or cracked. Nowadays, these can be mended very expertly, so that they look as good as new.

Your choice

Staffordshire animals blend well with modern furnishings, and if you are lucky enough you can find modern ones made on the old moulds for a fraction of the price of originals. The old piece would cost at least five guineas and the modern version might be only 17s. 6d. You can also pick up copies of old Chelsea china that was made in France and shipped over here—it even has the Chelsea mark. This, of course, is a fake, but is so attractive as to be well worth buying. Look for old spill holders—only a few shillings—that are useful and decorative as vases; candle snuffers in the shape of old ladies' or gentlemen's heads, with nightcaps with tassels on them; souvenir mugs and sweet dishes, relics of our grandparents' occasional adventurous visits to the seaside. A friend of mine has quite a collection of these; they are very decorative with their lacy motifs and touching

White china souvenir mug, about 5s.

messages, and rarely cost more than 7s. 6d. Modern Wedgwood jasper ashtrays, about 10s. each, are also attractive. Old-fashioned nursery china can be very decorative. You can sometimes find plates decorated with illustrated alphabets, or puzzle nursery rhymes in picture-writing, and painted mugs with pictures of animals and children's names on them. There are also mugs which were made for children's school treats, with mottoes on them, tiny china ring stands like stunted trees and odd-shaped jugs with a lustre glaze, which all look pretty on a shelf, though none are so-called "collectors' pieces."

I found my Staffordshire dogs at the Portmeirion Shop, 7 Pont Street, London, S.W.1.

"I'm looking for a nice big, comfortable chair"

Cone of silence

continued from previous page

the air was thin, adversely affecting lift performance even farther.

Yes, that *must* be it. The unstick speeds must be below the stalling speeds in conditions of maximum all-up weight and high temperature. That would mean that everything was fine under normal conditions: the book would be perfectly right, *except* under that combination.

A maximum all-up weight take-off on the Phoenix had been comparatively rare. So had a very high temperature. There had, of course, been a number of them, but, by luck, they had been done by pilots who unconsciously, almost intuitively, realized that it was better to keep the nosewheel on the ground to lessen drag, and not to attempt to unstick till well beyond the speeds given by the book.

But not Gort. It would be his nature to follow the book meticulously. He must have tried to get airborne *before* he reached safe flying speed, and by so doing—long after it was possible to stop—had become involved in a ground stall over which he would have little control.

At least it was a theory, Dallas thought, that he could put before the designer and give him the chance of pulling to pieces.

DELIBERATELY, Pickering avoided looking at Dallas; not because he was afraid to meet the pilot's eyes, but to give his own eyes time for some of the anger to die out of them.

"It's an interesting theory," he said.

"It's the right one, isn't it?"

"I wouldn't go so far as to say that." Pickering shook his head, not so much in denial as to shake off the pilot's probing. He said: "As a matter of fact, for some months we've been looking into the possibility of changing the take-off technique."

There was a moment of absolute silence. Then Dallas said softly: "God, so you *did* know!"

"We didn't *know*. You don't *know*. None of us *know*." Pickering leaned across the desk, his face furious. "We obviously wanted to avoid excessive nose-high attitude due to pilot handling. Before we authorize anything we have to have facts. Till then, we can do nothing."

Dallas said: "Well, I want the new technique in the book *now*."

"We can't authorize it just like that."

"Someone else might do the same as Gort."

"We've got to *test*. We've had to find out whether the nose oleo will stand it. And the tyres . . . they're small, not designed for high-speed rotation. These things have to be tested and tested again. Yet we're competing with fine aircraft like the Comet and the American 707, and still we've got to be in the front of the race. . . ."

Dallas started for the door. Before he reached it, Pickering said: "Hugh——"

He stopped. He ached to express some glimmerings of his own difficulties and frustrations. He searched his mind for words—the right words. But for all his seeking, the only words he could find to say were: "I'm sorry . . . I'm sorry I can't help you."

Dallas did not expect the results of his interview to manifest themselves quite so soon. Next morning on his desk was a telegram from Atlas Aviation: URGENT. TAKE-OFF TECHNIQUE ON PHOENIX I AIRCRAFT TO BE CHANGED FORTHWITH. EIGHT KNOTS TO BE ADDED TO ALL UNSTICK SPEEDS GIVEN BY THE GRAPHS. NOSEWHEEL TO BE KEPT ON THE GROUND UNTIL JUST BEFORE THE UNSTICK SPEED IS REACHED. ALL PILOTS AT PRESENT ON SERVICE TO BE WARNED IMMEDIATELY.

He stared down at it grimly for a few minutes before taking it into Judd's office.

Dallas said: "What about Gort now?"

"What about him, Hugh?"

"Don't you see . . . what happened to him could have happened to you? Very nearly did."

"I think you're exaggerating a bit."

Dallas said hotly: "I'm not at all! I saw Pickering yesterday." And he gave the fleet superintendent in careful detail his theory of ground stalling on the Phoenix. He watched Judd's face for a reaction, but he found none. When he had finished he said: "What are we going to do?"

"Do?" Judd waved his hand at what had already been done, his own book altered, the written advice he had made of having notified sections and stations. "There's nothing more to do. Everything's all right now."

"But this!" Dallas furiously waved the telegram in Judd's face. "God . . . don't you see? The inquiry . . . we've got to get it reopened."

JUDD picked up a pencil and began rotating it in his fingers. "No," he said. "No. We can't go through that again. Nothing would be served."

"But we've got to do something for Gort."

Judd gave a slow, sad smile. "We can't do anything for him now, Hugh."

"I shall go to the president."

"I think he should be told . . . certainly."

Busy though he was, with work mounting now on top of him from all sides, Dallas went to see the president that same afternoon. Contrary to his

expectations, he was allowed into the august office straight away. He was received very affably.

At first he was unable to get into the lead of the conversation, for it was assumed that he was calling about the expansion of his training section that was already beginning to take place. When at last he managed to mention the real purpose of his visit, the president's mood underwent a sudden change. He listened with a grave face as Dallas outlined his theory, described his unsuccessful interview with Pickering, and produced the telegram detailing the new take-off procedure. Then, in understanding, he said: "As Captain Gort's instructor, you have a special . . . well, concern in this. I do see that."

But he did not see quite so easily when the subject of reopening the inquiry was brought up.

No burning zeal glowed out of those eyes to go to the aid of Gort's good name. It crossed Dallas's mind that perhaps more was known than that face was allowing itself to register.

He said: "These inquiries, Dallas . . . very delicate things. Their purpose is . . . well, complicated."

"Isn't it to find out the true cause of an accident? And to publish the findings to safeguard against repetition?"

"Of course! Of course!"

"Then it doesn't appear that the two Phoenix inquiries succeeded?"

"More in it than that. Much more."

And then, just at the moment when Dallas was beginning to think he was again getting nowhere, the president became more sympathetic. He said, before Dallas left: "I'll give you my word that something will be done."

* * *

It was six o'clock and the espresso bar was not yet crowded. Charlotte waited.

The thin hands of the clock moved round together. The glass door swung open more often. Impersonally, she watched the thickening of duffle coats and sweaters and slacks. And then she saw Hugh Dallas in the doorway. He came straight towards her. "Sorry I'm late. Have you been here long?"

"No, not very."

He took off his coat and hung it over the seat. The tang of the cold air outside still clung to his clothes and his skin. He walked over to the bar to get their coffee.

When he came back, he leaned across the table to her, hunching his shoulders a little. "Charlotte, I've been meaning to tell you. I'm trying to get your father's inquiry reopened."

The familiar stab of grief rose up inside her, darkening her eyes. Then the sustaining spurt of anger. "And have you?"

Dallas tightened his mouth. The full lips narrowed. His eyes moved over her face, dispassionately assessing. As if wondering how much he should tell her, and in what way.

"I'd say I had some success. Just what, I wouldn't know. But I'll say this. I'm convinced. I know as far as I'll ever know anything that it wasn't his fault." He lowered his voice. "If that's of any comfort to you. Is it, Charlotte?"

He put out his hand and touched her fingers, interlocking them with his.

"Some days ago now, I went to see the president," Dallas said. He hesitated. "Look, Charlotte, let's go and have dinner."

"Tell me first what he said."

"It's difficult to say exactly. He didn't agree. And he didn't disagree. But in the end he promised he'd do *something*."

After a long time, Charlotte said: "But they know it wasn't his fault."

"Oh, they must." He flicked the ash off his cigarette. "It's obvious now." He paused. "Whether they'll admit it or not is another matter."

"Because of the publicity?"

"Oh lord, Charlotte, because of lots of things. Things I know and things I don't know—wheels within wheels, money, influence, prestige, and maybe even because they honestly think that things are best left as they are." He rubbed his forehead in a tired gesture and half smiled. "There it is, Charlotte. But I won't give up, that I promise—anyway, I couldn't. Not as long as you want to go on." Suddenly he was conscious of the crowd around. "Are you ready to go now?"

He helped her on with her coat, touching the back of her neck with his fingers, then taking her hand and leading her down the long room and out into the street.

THE sudden, damp, cold pinched their faces. She huddled herself inside her coat. "Anyway, Hugh"—she stopped, touching his arm—"thank you."

He shook his head, half smiling, and put his arm round her shoulders. "Charlotte—I'm going on the route tomorrow. I'll be away a week."

"Yes." Dismay edged the quietness of her voice.

His arm on her shoulder tightened. He brought his mouth down suddenly on to hers. With a sigh, she stood on tiptoe, and slid her arms farther around him. Her love for him was all new, untried, of infinite wonder.

* * *

When Dallas reached the airport the next day there was a letter for him from the president:

My dear Dallas,

I have given a great deal of serious thought to what you told me, and I have discussed the matter at length with very many people. Your theory, though interesting, is not supported by fact, and you will be the first to admit that there is very much more in it than that.

However, do not feel misled into thinking that I am overlooking the question of Captain Gort. I promised you that something would be done, and I do not intend to go back on that promise.

You will perhaps recall that, after the first Phoenix accident, Captain Gort was severely reprimanded by the board. Bearing in mind his thirty-one years of flying, that reprimand I have today ordered to be struck from his records. He had a long and praiseworthy service in aviation, and now there remains on it no blemish whatever, but only commendation. I feel that this gesture is a fitting and just close to a gallant career, and one which he himself would have appreciated.

Dallas stared down at the letter saying nothing. He knew that this was the knell to any hopes of help from that quarter. This wall, too—the last brick wall—was only making the pretence of giving way. A line through a sentence of a dead man's documents: that was all. Officially and publicly, Gort was to be left to carry the sole responsibility.

Slowly and deliberately, with no visible passion or feeling, he tore the letter carefully into small shreds, and dropped them into the wastepaper basket.

He looked at his watch. Long past time when he should have been in Operations. He put his bag with the others at the back of the crew car, and went into the office.

CAREFULLY, he read the latest orders, noticed in large letters the most recent and most important one—about the new take-off procedure—signed by Judd. Then, obeying it, he looked up the unstick speed: 112 knots at this temperature, and he added the required eight knots to make it 120.

The crew car took them out to their aircraft, now standing waiting for them on the departure ramp. Dallas told his first officer to do the before-starting-engine check list, and walked over alone to the landing office to sign the load sheet.

It was on his way back to the aircraft that he saw Phoenix II, a little to one side of the other aircraft. Curious, he went across. Though he had seen drawings of it, he was conscious that this wasn't quite the same. Something had been altered. This shape wasn't quite what he expected. And as he got nearer he suddenly realized why the general effect was so changed.

Pickering's giant triangular wing had gone.

Dallas stood near the port outboard engine pod, his head back on his shoulders, looking upwards. No doubt about it, this wing was a last-minute modification: the leading edge had been added to, so that it gave the appearance almost of having a patch upon it. It was longer. It was wider. And instead of that perfect triangle, it was now an odd pentagonal, with blunt, square tips in place of those two fine-pointed angles. Obviously, the whole purpose was to give better lift on take-off—a bigger margin in all temperature conditions between unstick and stall.

For a few minutes, he stayed there staring at it. Then he turned and started to walk back to his Phoenix I.

The first officer had already finished the checks. Within three minutes, all the jets were alight. Dallas waved the chocks away and, at the familiar racing speed, the Phoenix taxied out to the end of the long runway.

Dallas said to the first officer: "Have you tried this new take-off technique?"

"Yes sir." The first officer wrinkled up his nose. "We're in for a hell of a graunching. I can tell you that."

Dallas said nothing. He put all four throttles hard against the stops. He released the brakes. The Phoenix moved.

ONE by one, the blurred runway lights flashed by, each one faster than the one before. As they rolled forward, the speed crept up: seventy-five, eighty-five, ninety-five knots.

Still Dallas kept the attitude of the aircraft level with the runway. But now, the nose oleo-leg began vibrating. On their mountings, the instrument panels shook.

At 105 knots, the cockpit jarred and juddered. The whole nose swung slightly, shivering from side to side, and above the roar of the jet engines came the discordant banging of the nose-wheel, protesting against this harsh treatment, aching to be off the ground, screaming out the requiem of George Gort.

Then the needle on the indicator touched 120 and the rattling stopped. The Phoenix was airborne.

THE END

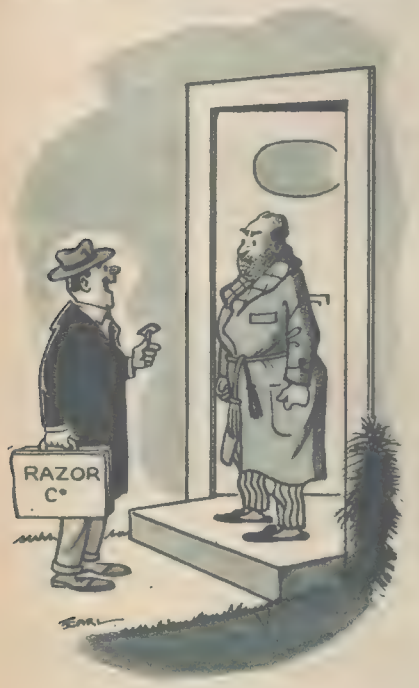
© David Beaty, 1959

"Cone Of Silence," by David Beaty, is published as a novel by Secker & Warburg. Price 16s.

SOLDIERS—3

Uniforms are often masks to hide cowards.

Duke of Wellington



"Ah—now this is a piece of luck"

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In the opinion of the adjudicators the most skilful and appropriate fitting of phrases to advertisements in the Film-Ads Contest which appeared in "John Bull" dated December 27, was that submitted by the following two readers:

SAMUEL HILL
1 VICTORIA STREET, ETTINGSHALL
WOLVERHAMPTON, STAFFS.

V. E. DOWN
29 HENLEY GARDENS
CONSETT, CO. DURHAM

The cash prize of £50 has accordingly been divided between them for their entries as follows:

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PHRASES	M	J	H	R	G	K

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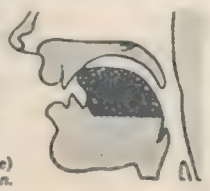

Diagram from book (reduced in size) showing method of producing n.

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Murder on my mind

continued from page 17

same months of the short years, time and time again—the secret war work connected with blueprints for the engineering firm, which she never discussed with the family; her two years as the uncertificated teacher for the West Riding authorities while she studied for her librarianship at night.

"She was a normal, healthy, good-living girl, with a very happy disposition," claimed Mrs. Sheriff. "She loved outdoor life and almost worshipped the sun. At the first blink of real sunshine she would strip off her outside clothing and lie down."

Hatherill and I jumped to our feet.

"Have I said something wrong?" asked Mrs. Sheriff.

"No, ma'am," I told her, "but you didn't say it early enough." *Joan Woodhouse was a fanatical sun worshipper!*

Destroyed a theory

"Yes, she sunbathed at every opportunity," the aunt continued. "In the back garden of her home or in a secluded spot in the country. If there was any sun she would remove her frock and lie down."

Hatherill, impassive as ever, said quietly: "Why didn't you tell us this before now?"

The woman made a gesture of despair with her hands. "I was so terribly upset. . . ."

We ushered them out again. I felt just like beating my head against the wall.

With a single sentence the widow had destroyed a promising theory. Joan Woodhouse had journeyed to Arundel alone. The events of the fatal Saturday at last became clear. The clarity mocked the six wasted weeks when we hunted a shadowy male companion who had never existed.

The girl must have turned away from the bustling crowds at King's Cross Station, thinking with nostalgia of the peaceful Sussex countryside.

Instead of seeking a secluded spot for love-making, she had gone alone straight to Box Copse, which she knew. She must have eased her frock over her head, then neatly folded the garment to add it to the tidy, growing pile of possessions by her side. The string of pearls would have been unclasped so that the evenness of the suntan around the throat would not be ruined—the throat that was later to feel the grip of the murderer's hands.

Pattison, my detective-sergeant, sighed: "It almost means beginning over again."

The inquest on Joan Woodhouse was held at Arundel by H.M. Coroner Mr. F. W. Butler, assisted by Mr. R. J. Dromgroole, on Monday, November 22, 1948.

Three solicitors were present. Mr. H. S. Falconer announced he was present to represent the family of the dead girl. Mr. C. V. Porter said: "I am asked to be here to represent the police." And Mr. V. Jackson, of Littlehampton, said: "I am here to represent Mr. Thomas Philip George Stillwell."

Mrs. Ida Sheriff, Joan's aunt, said Joan had lost her mother four years before.

"Did you ever pay visits to Arundel Park while Miss Woodhouse was staying with you?"

"Yes. Very often."

"Had Miss Woodhouse a fondness for the park?"

"Yes. She loved it very much."

"Did she ever indulge in what is commonly known as sunbathing?"

"Yes. She liked sunbathing."

"For this purpose was she in the habit of removing some of her clothes?" Mrs. Sheriff was asked.

"Yes. She would take off her dress to sunbathe."

"Would you say she was of exemplary moral character?"

"Yes, absolutely. Her way of life was beyond question."

I could see that even this kindly inquisition was worrying the middle-aged widow from Bridlington. Only the steely determination to bring her niece's murderer to justice kept her voice clear, although her hands trembled.

"You know that her dead body was found in Arundel Park. You have since visited that place. Do you think that where she was found she would go to that part to get the privacy she wanted?"

"She loved to get away from the crowds."

Mr. Porter, the police solicitor, rose. "Mrs. Sheriff, will you look at that ring. Can you say whose it is?"

"Joan's mother's engagement ring."

"And did Joan wear it?"

"She wore it on the third finger of her right hand. Always."

I could detect the sigh behind the answer.

Mr. Jackson, the solicitor from Littlehampton, asked: "If your niece was sunbathing and a strange man happened to come towards her, what would she do—immediately commence to put her clothes on or continue to lie there sunbathing?"

"She had no evil in her mind. She would not expect anything to happen."

"What you mean is she would continue to remain there and sunbathe."

Mr. Thomas Stillwell went into the witness box fifty-one minutes after the inquest had begun.

The coroner looked in his direction. "I have to caution you that you are not bound to answer any questions that might incriminate you," he said, "but whatever you do say will be taken down in writing and may be used in evidence on some other occasion. Do you follow?"

"Yes."

After Mr. Stillwell had given evidence about finding the body, I described to the jury my part in the investigation.

The coroner turned to me. "Inspector, is it a fact that the case is not closed, and won't be closed with what might be the jury's verdict today, but is still under observation?"

"It is still under observation, and by no means closed," I assured him.

The jury were gone only five minutes. They filed back.

"Mr. Foreman, are you agreed upon your verdict?"

"We are."

"And what is it?"

"Miss Joan Mary Woodhouse was murdered by some person or persons unknown."

Before the ink of my signature had dried across the bottom of the report to the Director of Public Prosecutions I knew I would not make an arrest.

Joan's aunts offered a reward of £500 for information that might lead to conviction of the murderer. Nothing happened. Then they engaged Thomas Percival Jacks, a local inquiry agent, to conduct a private man-hunt for the killer. In 1950, on the application of Joan's elderly father, a warrant was granted and Thomas George Stillwell was charged with the Woodhouse killing. The Director of Public Prosecutions took over the conduct of the prosecution.

The case ended before noon on the fourth day. The magistrates decided unanimously that there was not sufficient evidence to justify putting Stillwell on trial and he was discharged.

Still not satisfied, the Woodhouse family instructed their solicitors to apply for a Bill of Indictment against a named man. It was refused.

To this day I look back in anger on the tragedy of Box Copse. Down the years I have waited for a man to make his mistake. To take a drink too many, perhaps, and talk too loudly.

Small things constantly remind me of the investigation which failed ten years ago. A pause at the traffic lights, a sideways glance to a shop window where the assistant in stocking feet is draping underwear across headless dummies of young women. In the countryside, a rabbit thumping towards the safety of the burrow. Even bees bumbling their way among the flowers in my garden at home.

All the time, there is that murder on my mind.

THE END

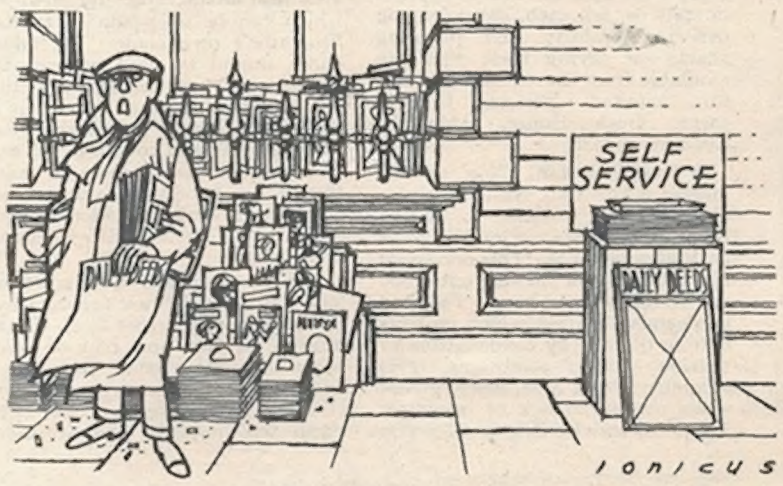
© *F. D. Narborough, 1959*

"Murder On My Mind" will be published as a book by Allan Wingate in March, price 16s.

SOLDIERS—4

The combat infantryman should combine the arts of a successful poacher, a cat-burglar and a gunman.

Field-Marshal Earl Wavell



Readers seeking advice from our team of experts are invited to send their problems to the "John Bull Illustrated" Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Letters will be answered by post, and problems of general interest will also be published on this page

We advise...

MY husband has now retired, but we have been told that it is possible to claim an income tax rebate on money paid out during the past five years on repairs to the house. I still have bills for many of them. Is this true?—Mrs. H. C., St. Albans, Herts.

● You can claim on the average expenditure over the previous five years in respect of repairs, decorations, insurance and maintenance generally, and you can submit claims for every year since 1952-53. Application is made on Claim Form No. 99.

HEAT AND PAINT

MY stove has become discoloured through long use. I have tried to paint it, but the paint has burned and the stove looks worse than ever. What is the remedy?—L. D., Tamworth, Staffs.

● Damaged or worn paintwork on a stove cannot be repainted satisfactorily. It needs to be stove-enamelled at about 400 deg. C. No normal paint will stand up to the temperatures that your stove reaches. The answer is to have it stove-enamelled again by the manufacturers. Any reputable builders' merchant will arrange it for you.

WINE TRACES

CAN you please tell me how to remove a red wine stain from a white wallpaper? I haven't attempted to do it without advice.—J. D., London, W.2.

● It is very difficult to do anything about a red wine stain, but you might try using a solution of borax and water (half an ounce to half a pint of water). Carefully dab the stain with the solution. However, it might be best to try patching the wallpaper—if you have any spare paper of the same pattern.

BLACK FINISH

I HAVE made a dresser, and would like to give it a finish which I have seen in other furniture—black and with only a slight polish. How is it done?—D. M., Isle of Lewis, Scotland.

● This is usually called an "ebonized" finish, and it is very popular on modern furniture. It is quite easily done with spirit black, which is sold by chemists. Dissolve the black in spirit and rub it into the wood. A number of coats will probably be necessary for a really black finish, which can then be lightly french polished to give the amount of gloss you require.

GETTING A COPY

I WAS born in India of British parents. To whom should I apply for a copy of my birth certificate, which I have lost?—G. T. S., Blackburn.

● The Commonwealth Relations Office, Downing Street, London, S.W.1, has taken charge of the records once kept by the India Office. If you write to the Superintendent of Records there, quoting relevant details of your birth, the records will be checked and a document issued which will be recognized officially as a substitute for a birth certificate.

TENANT'S RIGHT

MY rent book is full and the landlord refuses to provide a new book, so I have withheld the rent as I don't think I should pay unless I have the entry as a receipt.—L. G., Yorkshire.

● If you are a weekly tenant your landlord can be compelled (under a penalty of £10) to provide you with a rent book stating all the necessary conditions of the tenancy. If he refuses, you can apply to the Registrar of the County Court, and he can order him to provide one.

PUP THAT GREW

I BOUGHT a poodle puppy from a breeder after seeing an advertisement which described the puppy as a toy. Its pedigree also said it was a toy. It has now grown too big to be so classed. I would like my money back, but the breeder refuses responsibility. What can I do?—H. C., Walton-on-Thames.

● If you have evidence to show that you were induced to buy the puppy on the representation that it was of a breed that would not grow beyond the recognized height and length for stud purposes, you could claim for the contract to buy to be voided and your money returned. If, however, you merely bought it as a toy poodle, and it could reasonably be regarded as such, you would have no claim.

HE PROMISED

A FEW weeks ago I was knocked off my bicycle by a motorist. He was most contrite and offered to pay for damage to my cycle. I was uninjured, and so I did not report the accident to the police. I took the motorist's name and address, and eventually sent him a bill for twelve shillings for repairs to the cycle. He didn't reply, and has not replied to a second letter. What can I do?—M. D., Watford, Herts.

● As the driver has admitted responsibility for the accident, you could sue him for the cost of repairing the damage. If, however, he decided to defend the claim and there were no witnesses to state that the accident was caused through his negligence, you would no doubt be out of pocket, even though you might succeed. A letter threatening court proceedings might, however, induce him to pay as he agreed.

CAN I CLAIM?

MY car was badly damaged while it was parked in an authorized parking place. We were on holiday at the time and had to travel, as a result, from Wales to London by train. Until a court case resulting from the accident is settled, we shall not know whose insurance company is to pay the repairs. In the meantime I haven't been able to use the car. Can I claim for this inconvenience?—J. D., Wanstead, E.11.

● It is unlikely that a claim for travelling expenses due to the loss of the car would succeed. Such an item is usually regarded in law as too remote to be included in a claim for damages.

THEY LOST IT

EIGHTEEN months ago I left a piece of photographic equipment with a dealer who said he would sell it for me. Subsequently I called several times and was told they had not sold it. Now they tell me they have lost it and are trying to palm me off with a nominal payment out of proportion to its real value. I place this at £4, and allowing for £1 commission, I think they should pay me £3. They say they cannot pay me more than £1.—H. C., Bristol.

● As the firm accepted the instrument on trust for selling, to make a profit for themselves, they can be held liable for its value now they have lost it. A letter from your solicitor may prove effective, or he may advise you to issue a summons in the county court.

BORROWED LAND

TWELVE years ago I bought a car, and since there was no garage space to my house, was very pleased when my neighbour invited me to put up a garage on a piece of his land. I had it built, and have paid rates on it every since. Now my neighbour says he wants his land back. What can I do?—G. R., Birmingham.

● As your neighbour merely permitted you to use the land, he can withdraw his consent at any time and you will have to give it up. Unless the garage you built is only a temporary structure standing on its own weight, it has become a landlord's fixture, and you could not remove it without his consent.

Worth Noting

ROGER SMITHELLS

keeps practical homelovers up to date

● **Linoleum tiles.** Add a touch of individuality to your home with Armstrong die-cut inset linoleum tiles. These felt-backed tiles come in a range of patterns to suit each room. A design of kettles, teapots, forks and spoons or stars would be right for the kitchen, and for the nursery the letters of the alphabet, flowers or numerals. To obtain an attractive effect, set two to three of these tiles at random in an otherwise plain-tiled floor. The price of these 9 in. by 9 in. tiles is approximately 3s. 6d. each, depending on design. Quantity and planning charts for laying these tiles are available from the Armstrong Cork Co., Limited, Flooring Department, Bush House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2.

● **Extractor fan.** New on the market is the Tack Nu-Aire Junior extractor fan, suitable for fitting into a kitchenette (10 by 7 by 8) or bathroom or toilet. This one-speed fan is capable of sucking out 8,500 cu. ft. of air per hour. Finished in gleaming enamel, which protects it from damage by condensation or outside weather conditions, it is available in red, blue, ivory, green, white, bronze, black or primrose. The electrical loading is 25 watts and the price 10 gns. The Iris shutter, which is desirable in rooms which have an extremely exposed outlook, is an optional extra at £3 10s. By the Tack Air Conditioning, Ltd., Longmoore Street, London, S.W.1.

● **Canotex wall covering.** Sanderson's Canotex thin jute canvas wall covering which is sold by the yard in 36-in. widths, has an attractive rough linen finish. There are 11 colours to choose from, also a neutral shade, specially treated, which can be over-painted to the decorator's own choice. A lining paper should be used underneath the Canotex, and this also is available in matching tints. Sanderson's hot water paste is suitable for applying this wall covering. At 8s. per yard, Canotex may be had through a Sanderson stockist or direct from Arthur Sanderson and Sons, Ltd., Berners Street, London, W.1.

● **Brick fireplace.** Give a "new look" to an old brick fireplace by painting it with carpet dye. Use a mixture of rust and crimson and apply this with a small, stiff, long-handled brush (the type sold for cleaning gas cookers). This rich finish will improve the fireplace without detracting from its old world charm. (Mrs. K. Birke, Hitchin.)

● **Sandpapering.** When sandpapering over an awkwardly shaped moulding, wrap the sandpaper round an old pack of cards. The cards, used "edge on" will follow the contour of the moulding, making the job much easier and the result more even. (Mr. W. Skelton, Edenbridge.)

● **Unit vegetable rack.** The Stackright unit vegetable rack in Plexene polythene plastic, consists of interlocking units each 18 in. by 10 in. in size, which may be built up on top of each other, so saving space. In red, yellow, blue, green and white, to match up with any kitchen, a three-tier rack may be bought complete for 37s. 6d., or the individual units for 12s. 6d. each. Available from hardware stores. By Hermes Supply Co. (London), Ltd., 78 Buckingham Gate, S.W.1.

* * *

If you have a trouble-saving, money-saving tip for this column, send it in to Roger Smithells, "John Bull Illustrated," 189 High Holborn, W.C.1. One guinea will be paid for each tip published.

£1,250 GIANT

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1,500 Other Awards

£2.9.11 WESTCLOX "BABY BEN" ALARM CLOCKS SEE COUPON

WAY TO WIN

Here's how to shape a Bullet. First, grasp the broad idea by enjoying the latest winners. Then choose as your starting-point any Example from list below. To it, add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to make the whole into a bright Bullet.

Too Many Children	A Miracle
World To Work For	With Mind Untroubled
Thirsting For Adventure	Flourishing
Russia's Secret	Side By Side
First On The Moon	Frills And Fripperies
The Pensioner's Battle	In The Coffee-bar
Every Pound	For The Bride
Not What They Were	On A Spending Spree
It's Madness, But	Hare-brained Idea
The Other Chap	Ought To Be Banned

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as above.

Wants All The.....	Sounds Like A.....
When He's In.....	.....Upstairs
Putting The.....On	The.....Sneezed And

LATEST WINNERS

Bullets No. 2,175 Result:

£1,000 Car-plus-Cash Award: C. G. Pollard, 4 Nesbitt Street, Sutton-in-Ashfield, Notts:

Tribute To Dad—He "Kept Us" Smiling.

£50 Mrs. N. Earnshaw, 14 Sycamore Road, Blackburn: **Is The Queue For Jobs—"Fillies," "Colts"—*Willing* Horses?**

£25 G. B. Patrick, "Wynford House," Water Street, Kingswinford: **Unexplored Territory—However "Mapped Out"—Tomorrow!**

£10 Mrs. E. Poynter, 11 Frances Road, Erdington, Birmingham: **My Sweet—Shared Toffee-apple—*Created* "Eden."**

£9 T. S. Husband, 180 Clifton Park Avenue, Belfast: **The Builders—*Defying* "Rainy Days"—Parsons.**

£8 A. Grant, 121 Mozart Street, Liverpool: **While She's Shopping—Wishing "Robust" Pound *Fatter*!**

£7 S. J. Jarvis, 23 Stuart Street, Aberdare: **Dishing Out The Shares — To Workers — *Capital* Capitalism!**

£6 J. D. Fowler, 3 Rydal Avenue, Locking, Weston-super-Mare: **Full Of Ideas—New German—*New* Ideas?**

£5 W. Chadwick, 389 Kingsway, Manchester: **Joys Of Motoring—Conveyor Belt "Carried Away."**

£4 J. P. Kilroy, 29 Buckingham Road, Droylesden, Manchester: **Dangerous Machine—*Preceding* "Red Flag"—Propaganda.**

For ten winners of £3 see *Bullets Bulletin*. 2,300 other Awards have also been posted.

Expert comments on winning Bullets are in "Comp," out Mondays.

EXAMPLE — 1s. PER "BULLET"

BULLET .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. ..... 5th BULLET FREE

B. ..... WITH 4 PAID

ALARM CLOCKS A 49s. 11d. Westclox "Baby Ben" Luminous Alarm Clock goes to each of the top 20 prize-winners whose successful effort was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

2,180 Post not later than last collection on **MON., FEB. 23**

I agree to rules and enclose P.O. entry-fee at the rate of 1s. per Bullet or 4s. for complete coupon.

P.O. value..... No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

BULLETS HELP STICK 3d. STAMP here for four pages of practical help to success in March 7 *Bulletin*! (For four issues send P.O. 1s.)

RULES 1. First Prize for best Bullet received; others in order of merit. The test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed at 1s. per Bullet. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated March 21), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, March 7, for early news of No. 2,180 result.)

POST ENTRY

Bullets 2,180, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.99

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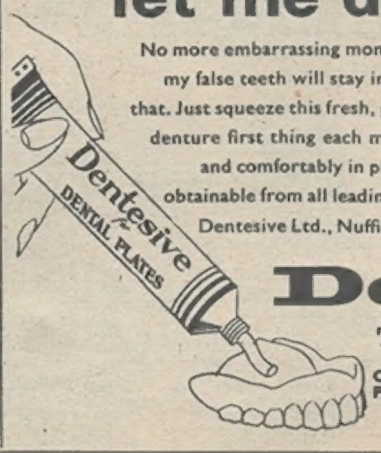

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